



THE GREAT EVANGEL

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

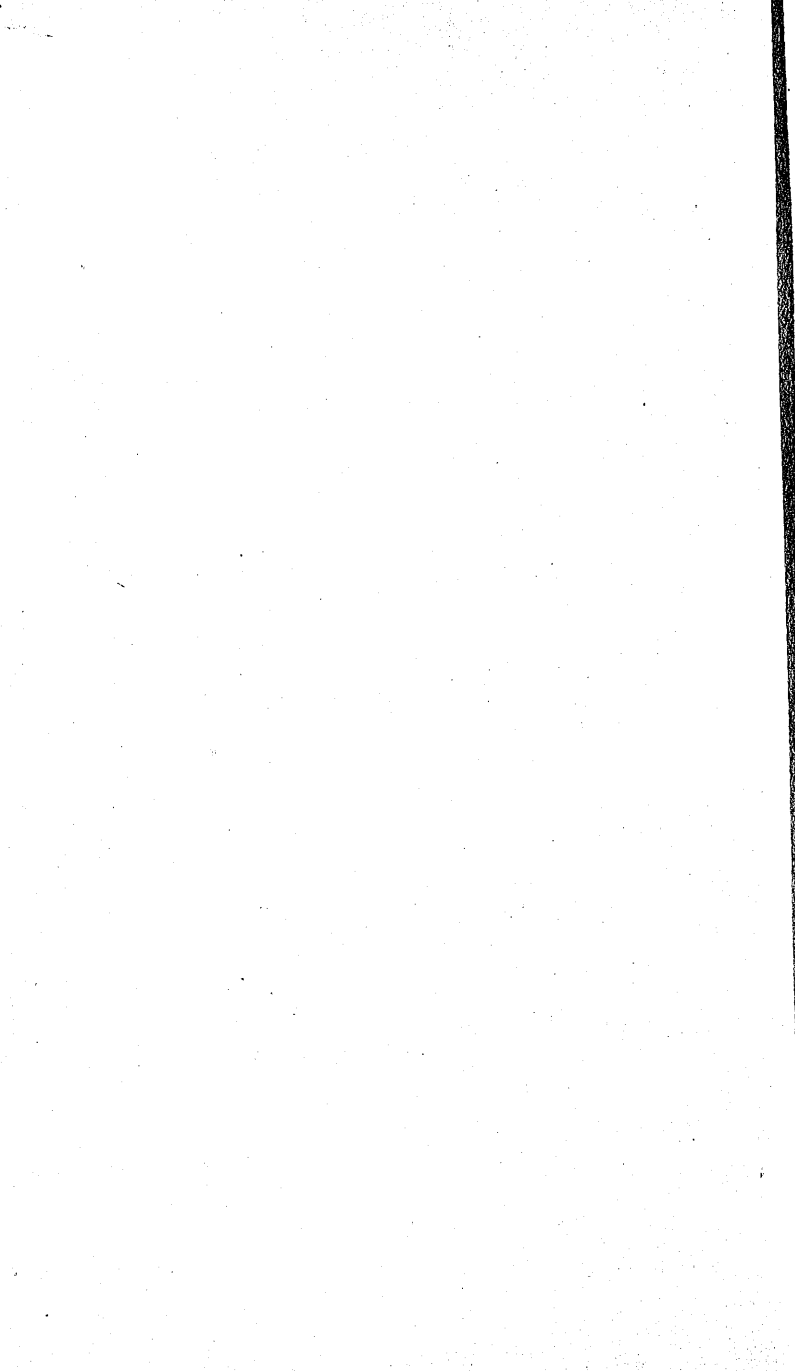
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THE SAM P. JONES LECTURES
ON EVANGELISM
Delivered at EMORY UNIVERSITY
JANUARY, 1935

THE GREAT EVANGEL
BY
LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

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DEAN OF DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

COKESBURY PRESS



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A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

With the happiest memories of the days which I spent at Emory University in connection with the delivery of the lectures which make up this volume, I am sending them forth to the larger public. President Harvey W. Cox, Dean Franklin N. Parker, Professor Lavens M. Thomas II, and all who were responsible for my visit, united to make it an experience which I will always cherish. I am glad to have these lectures associated through the title of the foundation with the name of that powerful and eminently successful evangelist Sam P. Jones, whose memory is still vivid in spite of the passing of the years.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

Drew Forest
October 1, 1935

CONTENTS

| | | |
|-----|---|-----|
| I | THE APPROACHES TO THE CITY OF GOD | 11 |
| II | THE EVANGEL WHICH CON- VINCES THE MIND | 41 |
| III | THE EVANGEL WHICH MASTERS THE CONSCIENCE | 71 |
| IV | THE EVANGEL WHICH WINS THE HEART | 102 |
| V | THE EVANGEL WHICH SPEAKS TO THE WHOLE LIFE | 137 |

THE GREAT EVANGEL

LECTURE ONE

THE APPROACHES TO THE CITY OF GOD

ON A RECENT SUMMER when I was in Glasgow, the Malvern Players came to Scotland's industrial metropolis to produce John Drinkwater's new play, *A Man's House*. It is a tale of Jerusalem in the time of our Lord. With characteristic restraint and reserve the author has written the play so that the great figure never appears on the stage. But he is always near. And in a very subtle and persuasive way you are all the while feeling his presence. An old business house in Jerusalem is feeling the threat to its prosperity in the teaching of the Nazarene. Indeed the very family is being broken apart by the powerful compulsions which the Great Galilean is bringing to bear upon the lives of men. The young head of the firm, however, is singularly untouched. When Jesus heals his sister of blindness he sees

only an odd coincidence. When all Jerusalem is trembling with the impact of the influence of the Great Teacher, he feels only the threat to his business. Grimly he accepts the break-up of the family. He can go on if only the business is secure. At last his old father looking through the casement sees the departing members of the family ascending the Mount of Olives. The Friday of Agony has passed and the first day of the week has come. Suddenly the astonished old man sees another figure with the little group going up the hill. He cries out as he recognizes the Nazarene not dead but alive. His young son, busy with his accounts is quite unmoved. He suggests that his father go down to dinner where he will soon join him. Verbally he accepts the old man's statements with an actual skepticism so complete that it does not even take the trouble of uttering words of denial. He goes on with his accounts. He is completely indifferent. The figure which is to shake civilization and to overturn worlds of thought and life means nothing to him. Jesus has nothing to say to him. He is completely absorbed in his business. Soon he will tear himself away from his engrossing accounts to join his father at dinner. But the episode

of the Galilean means nothing to his mind, nothing to his conscience, nothing to his heart. He does not know that in a few years the city of Jerusalem will be broken into bits and that his business will be completely ruined in the ruin of the city. He does not know that the city which rejected Jesus is itself to become a city despised and rejected of men. He does not know that his one golden moment has come and has gone forever.

We too live in an age of cool and assured indifference. We too live in an age so engrossed with other matters that the voice of Jesus seems an odd and curious and unpleasant impertinence. From the hard and polished surface of our indifference the appeal of the Great Evangel rebounds leaving no impression whatever. Our business and our pleasure have immediate and overwhelming authenticity. The voice of the Galilean sounds like the distant music of the horns of elfland, lovely perhaps, but actually unreal and unworthy of serious consideration in this vivid and passionate and hard and masterful world. There is no city of God. The very words are covered with the moss of forgotten ages. The very thought has lost all contact

with the hard and brilliant material civilization in which we live.

And yet—it is wise that we should not be too sure of ourselves. There are queer and troublesome moments when we suspect that we may be wrong. So many of our apples turn out to be apples of Sodom. So many of our solid interests and of our fleshly enjoyments have a way of looking ghostly in times of startled insight. The intangible things at which we scoff stand out stark and clear in these times as if they were eternal. We are really lonely and restless and anxious at heart. We shout to keep up our courage. We turn to our account books. We go down to dinner. But all the while, like Banquo's ghost, the strange and terrible spiritual surmise returns. Just when we seem most prosperous and sure and successful in the full possession of our brilliant materialism there is a sound of falling walls and of timbers falling apart. With startled eyes we look out on a dizzy world. We had not counted upon the earthquake which might shake to the ground the palaces of our material civilization. We had not understood that the things we trusted might have no secret of permanence, and the

things we discarded might have the power of eternity in their grasp.

So just when we feel safest, the voices which speak for the Great Evangel again break in upon us. And perhaps with an unsuspected humility—a new experience full of spiritual promise—we find that after all we must take with the utmost seriousness the clarion call of the trumpets which sound from the walls of the City of God.

I

Alaric sacked Rome in A.D. 410. In North Africa, the majestic mind of Augustine felt the full shock of the grim event. Rome the mighty, Rome the eternal was not after all the Rome of men's imperial expectations. Rome was mortal. The most powerful of all the great towns men had built was growing old and weak and senile. This great city of man was trembling. The days of decadence and decay and death were coming upon it. And from the city of man, torn by a mortal agony, Augustine lifted his eyes to the City of God, the timeless city where the deathless lights forever shine. So he wrote *De Civitate Dei*. So he found escape from a decaying civilization to that life where the

fountains of perpetual youth continually play, to that abiding city which gives meaning to the fugitive and passing life of time and whose foundations are builded securely in eternity.

Age after age men turn from the crumbling city of man to the eternal city whose builder and maker is God. In periods of secure and solid secularity the city of God seems like the shadow of a dream. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." The flaunting pride of man sets banners floating which tell only of the human lust for power, of the hard and sordid ways of men with men. The quiet people who live by the things of the spirit in these glittering and flamboyant periods seem a furtive folk, unworthy of consideration among the loud and imperious figures which strut across the human stage. But by and by the false foundations refuse to support the proud palaces which cruelty and lust have lifted and the city of man's boundless folly falls. Amid the crash of the day of grim destiny men begin to look beyond the tragedy to that other city which stands clear and splendid against the sky. It is rather a pity that the same lesson must be learned over and over again. It is rather a

shame that men will not learn from previous experience. It is rather terrible that one generation after another must bite the dust before it can turn its eyes to the sky. But even so it is something that in one century after another when the city of man begins to crumble men turn longing and wistful eyes to the City of God.

In our own time he who runs may read at least this much of the lesson of the passing days. Our proud security has departed. Our boasted progress has betrayed us. The watchwords of our superficial optimism are but sounding brass and clanging cymbal. Political fabrics are falling. Social fabrics are breaking apart. Industrial and economic fabrics will not stand the strain our intense life puts upon them. And most pitiable of all are our idyllic utopias which capture our imagination only to betray us, and secure our allegiance only to put us to shame. The city of man trembles with the shocks of earthquakes which make the solid earth seem as unsettled as the waves of the sea. The old confidence is gone. The old sense of security has departed. The Great God Matter leers impotently in the midst of his devotees. Men stand grim and bewildered amid the ashes of

the hopes which have betrayed them. This is no figure of speech. In every city and in every countryside multitudes rise to bear witness to a lost prosperity which in some strange and tragic fashion has turned into a lost hope.

Of course it does not inevitably follow that men will turn from these bitter experiences to the city of God. It does not inevitably follow that now they will heed the summons of the Great Evangel. They may harden into cold and bitter cynicism and drag out their remaining days in a world without hope and a world without light. In the worst sense of the word they may become dwellers in the City of the Dreadful Night. They may turn from life itself with scornful and angry repudiation. They may choose suicide as the final and irrevocable way of expressing their utter disgust with life. Gilbert Chesterton one described suicide as spitting in the face of the universe. And in this very sense men may turn at bay to defy the life in whose experience they have found no happy fruition and to seek the death in which they at least express their scorn of living.

Of course the bravest will not take this way out. The most honest will not seek this in-

glorious exit from the adventure of living. Our deepest disappointment is, after all, with ourselves, and we cannot give that tragic sense of failure a worthy expression by blaming our environment. The worst environment gives an opportunity to rise in defiance against surrender to its degradation, in battle to secure its transformation, and above all to refuse to allow its evil to invade the inner citadel of our own personality. A man is only really defeated when he is defeated within. It is that inner city of a pagan heart which is the last and terrible tragedy. And the man of corrosive honesty will witness its crumbling walls with a strange sense of spiritual emancipation. Now at last we can have done with a life whose loyalties have found no worthy master and whose activities have had no truly lofty inspiration.

So as the outer city of a man's environment fails him, and as the inner city built in his pagan heart betrays him, he can turn to that city of God in which alone he can find security and peace. From the crumbling city of man he can turn to God's own town in whose citizenship he will find power for his personal living and the only true basis for any sort of social hope.

II

A good many people live in the city of discarded dreams. It is a very terrible place in which to dwell. But it does at least provide a point of departure for a better habitat. To build a palace of disillusionment and to call it home is of course the bitterest folly. But as a halfway house disillusionment has its good and genuine uses. At all events there are discarded dreams to the right of us, to the left of us, all about us and in us. In fact no one can do serious commerce in this queer business of living without confronting this matter of discarded dreams. He needs to think clearly and firmly. And of course he must be on his guard all the while not to let honest and sound sentiment become hot and overripe sentimentality. And at the same time the hardest realist has missed a part of reality if he does not know that men live by their dreams. If you kill all a man's dreams you have killed the man. Some dreams of course are an escape from the truth of things, a lotus-eating method of avoiding the real issues of life. And they deserve all that the hard-headed, hard-handed, hard-worded critics say of them. But there are dreams which have the stuff of truth in them. And there are

dreams which have more spiritual solidity than the sordid things for which we sometimes discard them. And in any event, rich and poor, wise and foolish, erudite and ignorant, each man has a dream to keep him going. He may be as vulgar as a typical character of Sinclair Lewis; he may have a subtly distilled individuality like a typical character of Mrs. Edith Wharton. But his dream in a sense is the essence of his vital energy. When its fountains cease playing not much remains to be said.

The myth of the City of the Golden Word tells part of the story: There once was a lovely town called the City of the Golden Word. Its streets and avenues were wide and beautiful. Its buildings combined strength of structure with graciousness of line and each separate building seemed to be telling the tale of an inner meaning which had a beauty of its own. The people were friendly and intelligent; they were wise and free from self-consciousness; they were subtle and yet full of self-forgetful good will. All was good in this best of possible towns. Gradually the secret leaked out that the reason for all this was a golden word locked in the hearts of the people. And as men came to know this they

called it the City of the Golden Word. But a strange and bitter thing happened. The people began to disintegrate in mind and body. They lost all that distinguished quality of mind and that loveliness of spirit which had made them famous. Their streets became ugly and at last were filled with refuse. Their buildings came to look like tipsy gentlemen at the end of a night's debauch. All was unlovely in this worst of possible towns. And the word went abroad that all this came to pass because the city had lost its golden word. The heightened character of this tale need not hide from us its bit of significant truth. There are a good many golden words. And the men and the towns which discover them do in so far forth achieve something gracious and memorable. The Golden Word gives a man his dream. The Golden Word gives the city its dream. And the bitterness of life reveals itself when the dream is discarded because the golden word is lost. When a man must regret with Lord Byron that he cannot feel as once he felt, that he cannot weep as once he wept, it is always possible that all this has come to pass because he has turned from the one thing which gave

promise of mental and moral and spiritual distinction to his life.

Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's *Modern Temper* is the book of confession of a generation which lives in a city of discarded dreams. With quite relentless surgery Mr. Krutch removes from life everything which could stimulate noble intellectual curiosity, virile moral endeavor, subtle aesthetic achievement, or high spiritual experience. The ugly and decadent things all persist with a kind of ghostly travesty of life. Whatever things are unlovely and of bad report you have to think on these things. And so the dreams which are the shadows of great realities where goodness and beauty forever dwell are all discarded, and a moral blackness like that of Lord Byron's awful poem "Darkness" settles upon the world.

You can discard your dreams because of wrong thinking. You can discard your dreams because of wrong living. But whatever the cause, the world is like a body without a soul when the dreams are gone. Society becomes like a vast cluster of serpents endlessly coiling and recoiling about each other with a strange chorus of hisses replac-

ing the music which has vanished from the world.

There is really something antiseptic about facing such a situation as this. The mind is repelled by it. The imagination reacts from it. The will is ready to spurn it. The heart hates it. And so the man who has come to live in a city of discarded dreams is ready with cleansed imagination and longing to look upon that other city which is the city of perfect fulfilment—the City of God. There is no eloquence like the eloquence of disillusionment to lead a man to turn from the habitat of swine to the dwelling place of noble and gracious love. The city of discarded dreams is a city of incredible loneliness, of intolerable bitterness, full of the bitter taste of all regret. And when in upon that town of frustration there come the sounds of the music of the city of fulfilment, something happens in the empty hearts of the dolorous dwellers in that bitter land. The experience of frustration need not be the death of hope. It may lead to a glorious resurrection of those gallant expectations which keep the soul of man alive.

This can only happen of course when a man goes on the brave adventure of actually

believing in the perfect city of God and the God of the perfect city. In that faith the dwellers of the valley of disillusionment enter the gates of a city where there may be anti-septic surgery but where at least hope never dies. For this city is not the home of lotus-eating dreamers. It is the dwelling place of those who have upon them the scars of warriors in the great fight of faith.

III

Dr. L. P. Jacks, formerly principal of Manchester College, and known to all the world as the able editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, has given us a word in which to describe the typical industrial city caught in the clutches of manifold machines and lying under a mantle of darkness settling from the exhalations of its multitudinous factory chimneys. He calls this town Smokeover. We must all admit that a great number of men and women who are alive in the world today live in this city of Smokeover. We want to say now that a man may journey from the city of Smokeover to the City of God.

Of course we gladly declare that Smokeover itself must be changed. It must be re-

claimed and transformed and rebuilt after a nobler pattern. And the task of transforming Smokeover we recognize to be one of the most important responsibilities of the leaders of contemporary life. But there is a subtle unconscious cruelty which leads a good many men who are busy planning for the transformation of Smokeover to forget the need of those who live and die in Smokeover today. It is easy to be so much preoccupied by a social goal that we forget the life of those who live and die on the way to that goal. And here it needs to be said most emphatically that a dweller in Smokeover need not wait for its transformation in order to become a citizen of the City of God. Indeed the best hope for the transformation of Smokeover lies in that group of its inhabitants who, sickened by all its evils, become by faith citizens of an invisible city of goodness and beauty at the very time when they are dwelling in what without exaggeration may be called the City of the Dreadful Night.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was stung into bitter consciousness that the material had taken the bit in its teeth and was galloping off with the spiritual, he wrote those familiar and explosive lines: "Things are in the sad-

dle and ride mankind." The words are an accurate description of life in Smokeover. The belching clouds of blackness are a symbol of something which gets into men's minds as well as into their lungs. The noise of the whirring wheels and all the roar of powerful machines express something which has mastered the very spirit of many of the leading citizens of the town of Smokeover. The terrible and bitter indignation which Mrs. Browning put into her poem "The Cry of the Children" is a fitting condemnation of many of the conditions in hard-headed, hard-hearted towns. Their history tells a tale of the exploitation of the poor and the weak and the underprivileged which makes one sick at heart. The face which Millet in bitter irony gave to "The Man with the Hoe" whose tragic wrongs have been given immortal expression in Mr. Markham's explosive lines belongs even more truly to the victims of the machine than to the slaves of the soil. It is easy to understand the fierce passion of those who cry: "Smokeover has no right to exist. Smokeover must be destroyed." And it is easy to fail to see the tragedy involved in the leadership of those who cry, "*Smokeover delenda est*," but who have no disciplined

knowledge and no disciplined powers which would be able to build amid the ruins of Smokeover a city after the fashion of all noble desire.

It will be a long and difficult business, this reconstructing of Smokeover. All strength to the men who approach the task with critical intelligence, with disciplined good will, with true understanding of the city and the people and realistic understanding of the fashion in which towns are remade!

In the meantime—thank God—the unhappy dweller in Smokeover need not wait on the processes of social change to find a new citizenship. He can become a member of a colony of Heaven even with the black clouds of Smokeover hanging above his head. Indeed unless multitudes of dwellers in Smokeover do just this thing all social hopes will become colorless and all expectations of a rebuilt city will end in futility and frustration at last. It is a matter of supreme importance then that:

“Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man.”

One is not speaking the language of idle rhetoric when one says that as long as Smokeover exists upon all its highways and stifling alleys there will be footprints which tell the story of that stately presence which is never far away where pain and suffering and cruelty and exploitation and all man's inhumanity to man seem most securely to have their evil way. Even Matthew Arnold, whose proud and self-conscious spirit might have seemed too much engrossed in its own distinguished and sophisticated ways to have much place for such things, found in the ugly heart of Bethnal Green a glorious human spirit much cheered with "thoughts of Christ, the living bread." And he put his sudden vision of the transfiguration in Bethnal Green into a sonnet which will not die. It is one of the strange paradoxes of life that what a man has not found in lovely gardens with all the witchery of blooming flowers, and in stately buildings every line of which tells its tale of beauty, and every furnishing of which reveals the presence of fastidious taste, he has found shining in human eyes which have transcended the power of bitter circumstances, and amid the soot and darkness of Smokeover have kept burning brightly the

glorious lights of the City of God. When the dwellers in Smokeover become citizens of another city, the Town of God which dwells in their hearts will ere long become the Town of Man in which they dwell. The change will require all their energy, all their power, and the mighty presence of the grace of God. But the change will come.

Lord Dunsany tells in one of his symbolic tales of a magic window which was put in the wall of the attic bedroom of a London clerk. Through that window he would see another city—a lovely town of glamorous beauty, lying proud and splendid under a gracious and beautiful sky. He would look through his window and go to the round of his daily work with “a glory in his mind.” But he lost his city, he lost his magic window, and no more did he see the beautiful parapets and the strong and noble towers.

There is a window through which even in Smokeover a man can see another city. That city may become the dwelling place of his mind, the habitat of his conscience, the home of his heart. And so he may walk the streets of Smokeover with a glory in his mind. Only men with this glorious window can dwell in Smokeover in safety. And Smoke-

over itself loses its hard and material pride as these men increasingly walk in its streets. When men have the City of God in their hearts, Smokeover begins to be changed by the work of their hands.

It is not in vain that men long for the "haunt where beauty dwells" even though they walk in the noisy mart and hear the sound of funeral bells! It is not in vain that men long for "the golden city where the radiant people meet" even though they hear the mourners as they go about the street! When God has put the love of his own city in men's hearts he has already begun to put the power to build that city in their hands.

The English poet Shelley is said to have declared: "Hell is a city much like London." In a fashion the great town deserved his harsh words. Hugh Walpole in his powerful novel *Fortitude* gives the reader a sense of grim and titanic forces moving with awful power through the city's life. But Charles Lamb knew that about London which Shelley did not know. And so also did another poet of whom it was written:

"He came to the desert of London town,
Murk miles broad;

He wandered up and he wandered down
Ever alone with God."

And profounder spirits than these fascinating poets have known what it was in the dark Smokeovers of the world to find secure citizenship in the city of the Great King.

IV

All human cities are not Smokeovers. But every human city has its own tragedies. Fifth century Athens and the Florence of the Renaissance are yet names with which to conjure. But the loveliest human cities leave one at last with a sense of wistful outreach, a sense of hopes not reaching fruition, of expectations of harmony unfulfilled. The most glorious human city always has a gate leading toward a more perfect city of the mind. The most satisfying human city always has a gate leading toward a more perfect city of the heart. From the city which cannot achieve the beauty which captures its imagination there is always a road leading to the City of God.

The passion for harmony is a very deep and real matter in every human life. It may be that a man is almost inarticulate. It may be that his method of expression is both rude

and crude. But in spite of all this, the hunger for beauty is there. Indeed the gifted writer who described vice as a genuine hunger, eating the wrong fruit, was not far wrong. We may prostitute the passion for beauty. We may misunderstand it and misuse it. But we cannot eradicate it.

So our human cities are all the while telling the tale of our search for a beauty beyond our reach.

"There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we
Who seek for the hidden beauty, which eyes may
never see."

But many a square in an ancient town and many a boulevard in a modern city tells of the great hunger. The vista over Lake Michigan from the part of Michigan Avenue which looks out over built-in land in which bright lights burn at night, and over whose wide roads many cars move in a kind of rhythm of speed, is a very lovely thing. The writer who called Chicago the city of the magnificent façade may have dipped his pen in irony. But the façade is very lovely. In a curious way it reminds one of the Place de la Concord with its spacious vistas of starlike lights at night. When you walk from Carl-

ton Hill in Edinburgh to the Castle you have the same sense of a beauty which tells even more of what man has aspired for and loved than of what he has achieved.

So it comes to be true that while from the dark heaviness of Smokeover a man may journey to the City of God it is also true that from the city where a dream of beauty is expressed but not quite fulfilled, reached for but not quite grasped, a man may journey to the city of perfect fulfilment.

We have not considered deeply enough that the sense of partial fulfilment as well as the sense of complete frustration may drive us to God. The love of beauty as well as hatred of the evil which so easily grasps and holds us may send us forth upon the great adventure. So Paracelsus holds his lamp tight against his heart and makes the great leap into the unknown. It is easier to see this divine fire of expectation glowing in the lives of men in fifth-century Athens or in the Florence of Leonardo. But we must not allow the noise and rushing energy of our commercial and industrial age to rob us of the sense of its presence. The "Century of Progress" may not seem in any very real sense a century of beauty, and its achievements may be

celebrated in buildings of mathematical and consummate ugliness. But not even an age which proudly raises the standard of revolt against every subtler law of beauty can quite poison the aesthetic sense of man. And this sense calls for more than beauty of architecture and beauty on canvas and beauty in the loveliness of exquisite lines. It calls for beauty of life. It calls for beauty in the life of the individual. And it calls for beauty in the life of society. There is a Platonist in each of us. And he is all the while asking for a fuller representation of that beauty of which we have seen hints in our best moments as individuals and in our loftiest achievements in social experience.

In *Rugby Chapel* Arnold sees his father as one of those who encourage men to join in the great pilgrims' march toward the City of God. And that sacred city shines with a peculiar luster to those who are seeking a beauty the brilliant cities of this world have never been able to present to their eager eyes. Such men learn to live as seeing the invisible. The light never seen on sea or land is a burning presence in their souls—a Shekinah summoning onward their pilgrim feet.

All this is saved from being exotic roman-

ticism by a certain moral earnestness at the heart of it. And it is saved from idyllic and utopian phantasy because it is really based upon the character of God. Most rainbows fade away into mist. But the New Testament apocalypse tells of a rainbow about the throne of God. That rainbow is permanent because it expresses the very character of God. It does not fade because in the ultimate reality of the universe beauty and truth are one. And even in this human world the man who is willing to suffer and to toil and to make sacrifice for its sake, to cherish every suggestion of it in simple people, to seek for it with all courage for his own life and for the life of the world, comes to speak with a clear authenticity when he names that beauty in whose faith he lives and for whose victory he would be willing to die. The harmony for which you would do dull work of dreary drudgery, and in whose name you would suffer and do happily suffer, begins to be a very real thing even in this passing world.

So the city of many gates does have an entrance through the gate of beauty. And within that gate too we may cry: "See the Christ stand."

V

In a sense the World War left Vienna a capital without a country. A city once outstanding in Europe for its brilliancy, its artistic zest, its scientific flare, and its gay vivid life, found itself like a head without a body. It was a center without a circle. It was a metropolis strangely hung in the air. It was a brain without an organism from which to receive sustenance, and through which to express its own driving energies.

Many a man in the modern world finds himself in a strangely similar position to that of Vienna after the war. He has clear and good thoughts about life. He has masterful energies ready to be used about great tasks. He has a certain understanding of the significance of the past, of what ought to be done in the present, and of what ought to be the possibilities of the future. But somehow his relation to his environment is confused and bewildering and utterly ineffective. He does not fit into his time as a hand fits in a glove. He would have to surrender all that is surest in his thought and all that is noblest in his aspiration in order to fit into the world of which he is a part. Like Hamlet he feels that the times are out of joint.

And as he analyzes the uncriticized social utopias of the dauntless dreamers who are realistic and critically skilful in analyzing the present, but utterly uncritical and romantic in respect of their favorite dreams, he sees in their loudly shouted prescriptions no real promise of a better world. He is too able to be a social revolutionist, too honest and earnest to settle into a corrupt place in a corrupt society, and he sees no adequate way in which to achieve a good life for himself or a good impact upon the life of the world. He is too practical to be willing to become a noble spiritual Ishmael, and he is not of a kidney which makes it possible to accept success at a price which no man ought to pay. He feels as if he lives in a capitol without a country.

From this so strange city in No Man's Land there is a road straight to the City of God. There is the immediate appeal from time to eternity, from the temporal to the eternal, from man to God. The sense of being organic in respect of the ultimate environment is the profoundest experience which can come to a human being. The fellowship with God which is the portion of the citizen of the Eternal City is the supreme possibility which confronts a personal intel-

ligence in this curious world. It means that the capital without a country in time has found a country in eternity. The universe has been presented to the man who could not find a place in this tiny planet. And every power of mind and conscience, of conviction and will, responds to this supreme citizenship in the City of God. The lonely sense of isolation disappears. The center has found its circle. The metropolis has found its widely-lying and supporting lands. The capital has found its country. This tremendous thing the Christian religion is all the while doing for plain and simple people, for people of glittering abilities and for people of consummate genius. It gives men a spiritual environment which corresponds to their deepest and noblest motives. It gives them a world which answers to the very highest thoughts of God and man which their minds can entertain.

But it does more than this. Somehow the man who finds a sure citizenship in eternity finds it possible to become a new sort of force in time. Professor Einstein is said to have been surprised that the real resistance to the Nazi tyranny did not come from leaders in the great universities, but did come from men

in the Lutheran churches of whom he had not thought very highly. But there is no real cause for surprise. The Christian church has its weakness, its wickedness, its follies, its failures, even its crimes. But there is a divine fire at the heart of it. And you can never tell when that fire will burst into flame. Or to go back to our original figure you can never tell when a man whose true environment is in eternity will become a genuine power in time. The idealist who feels that he lives in a capital without a country has no surer escape from frustration than to take out papers of citizenship in the City of God.

So it comes to pass that on the North and the South, and the East and the West, there are gates to the eternal city. There is no spot in which a human being finds himself from which there is not a straight road to the City of God.

LECTURE TWO

THE EVANGEL WHICH CONVINCES THE MIND

I WANT now to speak in substantiation of the claim that true evangelism is intelligence on fire; that true evangelism represents the intellect ablaze; that it is not an evasion of the mental problem but a solution of the mental problem; that the message which has permanent power must be a message which satisfies the mind. I would like to approach the matter discursively, making the point in a number of ways, with a number of illustrations, and through the whole process, if possible, I would like to reach that particular mental structure which is the basis of the message of the Christian religion to the mind of man.

I

Raphael once painted a very great picture which represented the saints in the presence of the beatific vision. Almost every one of

the saints was looking at the beatific vision, absorbed by its splendor, ravished by its glory. But the apostle Paul was not looking at the beatific vision at all. He had been looking at it. But there he was, head bent, brows furrowed, trying to think it out, trying to find a way to translate that beatific vision, into terms which would be authentic to man's mind, which would be able to dominate the thought of man. I have never been able to get away from that picture of Paul, since the day long ago when the theological teacher to whom I owe so much, Prof. Olin Alfred Curtis, eyes shining and voice vibrant, interpreted its meaning. The picture is an almost perfect symbol of the intellectual response of the preacher who, if he is to be a permanent force, must be a pastor of men's minds. The man who is not a pastor of men's minds is quite likely in the long run to prove incapable of being a satisfactory pastor in any way whatever.

I have always been intensely interested in the little group of lawyers who played such a profound part in the early life of this Republic. Take Chief Justice Marshall as an example. The extraordinary thing is that so many people with very ample technical

training show no hint of grasping the principles of jurisprudence which is in any way comparable to that subtle, penetrating, far-reaching contemplation of legal sanctions which gave John Marshall such insight and such practical sagacity that we may say without exaggeration that when he came to the office of Chief Justice he found one Republic, and when he had completed his work he left another Republic. There is no doubt in the world that the rulings and great decisions which he left behind so interpreted the Constitution as to remake it, and so remade it as to give this Republic a stability which it never could have possessed without the work of the great master of constitutional law. There is something rather astonishing about the fashion in which the mind of Chief Justice Marshall played around every subject with which it dealt, seeing it in all sorts of relations, especially in relation to that Republic yet to be whose problems and whose sources of strength he so clearly foresaw.

The cool, clear intelligence of Thomas Jefferson represented another contribution to the process of nation building. Of course both Marshall and Jefferson were Virginians, and that meant that they were perfect politi-

cians. Jefferson went to France when the old régime was breaking apart and the Revolution was coming. He carried himself so skilfully that he won the approval of the Royal party and of the Revolutionists as well. Benjamin Franklin who preceded him had won widespread popularity. It was said that his bust was in the boudoir of every lady in Paris. A French wit with all the city listening addressed Jefferson: "And so, Monsieur, you have come to fill the position so lately occupied by Monsieur Benjamin Franklin." Of course you could not catch a Virginian in such a trap, and Jefferson adroitly replied: "Oh, no, I do not for a moment suppose that I can fill the position Benjamin Franklin occupied. Unfortunately I must bear the title he bore with such distinction. But only he could fill the full requirements of the office." So Paris decided that it would like Thomas Jefferson. But it is more than adroitness of which I am speaking. A few years ago an English economist, Hirst, wrote a biography of Thomas Jefferson, and he set out to prove that Jefferson was strong intellectually at the very points where he had been considered weak. In truth Jefferson had a mental grasp, and a clear intelligence which gave him a

place of his own among the men of his time. And if Marshall thought of central authority, and Jefferson thought of the individual man and the individual state, each saw principles in large relations, and each made a commanding contribution to the future of the Republic. I wonder if you and I have the slightest suspicion of what we owe to the fact that this Republic was born at a period when a group of men from the various colonies representing every variety of political attitude and every quality of political insight were brought together in such a fashion that they turned all the power of their intelligence to the task of thinking out to a conclusion every sort of problem of national structure and of the philosophy of nationality. They projected themselves into the future. They foresaw the strains which the Republic they were creating would have to meet. And so skilful was their mental action and so profound was their understanding that they did indeed construct a Republic which answered to their thought and which has stood the terrific strain of the passing years. Such men as John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison had learned to move from facts to principles, from

details to general structure, from thoughts to thought. And so they put into the structure of the Republic qualities of hard, clear, cold intelligence which have given to that structure qualities of permanence and strength.

The same principles apply to the very much profounder matter of the City of God. They apply to the deep and far-reaching relationships of the Great Evangel. Of course, as I shall say in later discussions, the mighty Evangel has to do with that which sets the heart aglow and with that which hardens the conscience into steel. But it must also come with power to compel the allegiance of the mind. It must master the intelligence. It must meet the test of reason fully awake. Have we not sometimes forgotten this? Is it not a curious phenomenon when an eager and earnest and able young minister goes to a church of which he is to be pastor and begins by saying "Of course, you understand that I am not a theologian"? Is this not equivalent to declaring, "I shall have many things to say. But as an interpreter of religion, I shall make no appeal to the intelligence"? For what is theology? It is the attempt of the intelligence to confront God. Is it not particularly absurd

for a man to become very much annoyed by a type of theology which he does not like and at once to make up his mind that he will have no theology at all? Is this not a conspicuous example of throwing out the baby with the bath? Of course it becomes evident the moment we stop to think of it that the remedy for inadequate thoughts about God is the possession of adequate thoughts about God, and the cure for a bad theology is a good theology. Matthew Arnold once declared that Ralph Waldo Emerson had thoughts but not thought. And this is a perfect description of the preacher who contradicts himself Sunday after Sunday without the slightest consciousness that he is doing it. He has no intellectual structure. He has never made the attempt to put his various conceptions together into an organism of thought. Because of this he is intellectually incoherent. And often one sermon contains an astonishing number of implicit contradictions. The preacher is like Stephen Leacock's horseman who mounts his steed and then rides off rapidly in all directions. I insist that a man should have at least a week between contradictions!

All this may seem rather flippant. But really I am very serious in spite of the flip-

pancy. The serious men in the pew soon realize the situation when they are forced to listen to a preacher who goes flitting from flower to flower getting a little sweetness here and a little sweetness there but who has never learned to build a honeycomb. There is a certain lack of mental power, and at last a certain lack of mental authenticity in all this. The preacher tends to begin with paradoxes, to go on with epigrams, and to end with wisecracks. So at last he comes to conduct a pulpit column which might be called A Line o' Type or Two, and he has entirely ceased to deserve the good old name of thinker. The contrast to all this is the man whose thoughts are built into a great system of thought. His people become aware that he has a coherent view of the universe of God and man and destiny. They come to understand that his various utterances have a wonderful way of fitting together. They come to see that he has a great map of the City of God in his mind. He knows the site of every building. He knows the location of every street and every avenue. There is a commanding quality of intellectual power about all this. Every thought comes with the cumulative strength its connection with all the other thoughts.

Christianity speaks with the full force of the united strength of all its elements. In all this I am not pleading for less evangelical and evangelistic preaching. I am pleading for an evangel which shall represent the mind on fire, the intellect ablaze, I am pleading for a preaching which shall represent coherent thinking constructing various truths into a great edifice of thought, and then letting the light of conviction and passion illuminate this great building of the mind.

All this I think makes it clear that I am not suggesting a cold and lifeless form of logical preaching. No wise man will offer a congregation a formula as a substitute for the reality whose nature the formula indicates. If a man is thirsty you do not offer him a piece of paper on which you have written the formula H_2O in order that he may quench his thirst. On the other hand it is well to be sure that what you do offer conforms to that very formula H_2O . We all remember the college nonsense rhyme, not without a sound sagacity of its own:

“Poor Willie has gone from us,
We’ll see his face no more;
For what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 .”

It is a sad enough situation in which we find ourselves when numberless eager and clever preachers are so thoroughly determined that they will not offer a formula as a substitute for a reality that they have forgotten that the reality must conform to the structure which the true formula represents. The Water of Life gives gracious exhilaration and it is perpetually able to satisfy the deepest thirsts of men. But it is not made up of any sort of combination which happens to produce effervescence. All its qualities depend upon a certain very definite combination of elements. Without that exact combination it ceases to be the water of life. There is a spiritual chemistry which is quite as exact as that with which we deal in a laboratory. So with all our enthusiasm for vitality we dare not forget that permanent vitality is the result of conformity to very definite and very exact conditions. To be sure we must add to our correctness both conviction and passion. Lifeless thinking inevitably results in thoughtless living. But when clear and cogent and correct thinking becomes thought which glows with enthusiasm and burns with passion you have something very notable and very powerful indeed. And this is what we

have been meaning by the use of such phrases as intellect ablaze.

II

Men have been living in the world for a long time. They have been thinking a great deal. And all people whether they know it or not have a structure of thought which has become the vertebrae of the mind. It is the very foundation of their lives. Everything else is built upon it. One may call it an implicit thought world, though as a matter of fact sometimes it has become quite explicit and is well understood by the man who holds it. For most people, however, it is all implicit. It is a veritable network of assumptions about the nature of life upon which the holder of these assumptions acts, in the terms of which he thinks, and whose quality is reflected in his whole personality. This implicit thought world is either favorable or unfavorable to the moral and spiritual life. The world in which Theodore Dreiser lived when he wrote *The American Tragedy* was a world where men are believed to be puppets without freedom and therefore without responsibility. Obviously no great moral character can be built up on the basis of such beliefs

about life. In such a world a man may be a miserable victim. He is not a spiritual free-man nobly responsible for his own acts.

The first problem of the preacher is to investigate the mind of his congregation. If he is addressing a congregation which largely consists of people who honestly believe that man is a puppet in a determined world, that the whole universe, conscious and unconscious, is just a mass of interacting atoms moving along lines of hard necessity with no place for freedom anywhere, obviously there is no basis in the minds of these people for response to the Christian Evangel. Really there are no minds if this view of existence is true. Amid the hard and rigid materials of an impersonal universe there is motion and action, there is the clash of atoms and the constant explosion of chemical reaction. But there is no free mental life. There is no choice. There are no alternatives. There is no possibility of a spirit born with a heritage of liberty, choosing to live in loyalty to standards gladly accepted. The Evangel to people who hold such a view of the universe consists of sounding brass and clanging cymbals. To be sure, one may ask how in such a universe man has been able to observe the im-

personal reactions and chart their processes and control their energies. It is evident that there is room enough for critical thought here. But in the meantime as long as a man lives in a world whose whole reality he believes to be the ceaseless movement of impersonal forces the Christian Evangel is simply without meaning to him. Its assumptions contradict all his convictions. Every one of his postulates about the universe makes Christianity a dreamy impertinence in a world of hard necessity.

Very often then the immediate task of the preacher is the creating in his congregation of a mind capable of receiving the message he has to give. When Dwight L. Moody and Sam P. Jones preached to great throngs they addressed men and women whose assumptions about life and whose central convictions were all in favor of what the evangelists had to give. Often we forget that many, sometimes most of the people in our congregations, come with minds fully occupied by ideas which if true would contradict every fundamental assumption of noble morality and every gracious expectation of lofty piety and spiritual aspiration. The creation of the mind of the congregation is the staggering

necessity which the evangelist confronts. He has to create a mind capable of receiving a high summoning message, and then he has to give a message capable of convincing that mind.

All this is worthy of very serious thought for many reasons. Particularly it is important because it is the explanation of many a failure on the part of the evangelistic preacher. If he goes on assuming that he is addressing the minds to which Dwight L. Moody and Sam P. Jones spoke, he is destined to fall upon bitter disillusionment. And this will come not because of inadequacy in his message—providing he is setting forth the central Christian message to men—but because he is addressing minds caught in the clutches of an impersonal materialism which prevents their apprehending in the least either the vitality or the power of what the preacher has to say to them.

It used to be said that a wise evangelist first preached the terror of God's law and then the glories of God's tender grace. Now he must go far back and create a mind capable of understanding the high behests of the moral law and the higher splendors of the grace of God in Jesus Christ. It is idle to

talk to men who believe that they are puppets about what they ought to do with their freedom. You might as well preach to pews and chairs. As a matter of fact the tragedy of the modern situation is that so many people—so many even of the people who go to church—have in their own thought at least sunk back into the inanimate irresponsibility of pews and chairs. In many cases the church is not only empty when it is empty but—if one may put it in an Irish way—it is even more empty when it is full of people. The older evangelists at least had a right to believe that they were addressing persons. There was tremendous stimulus in the conviction that they saw before them children of God—wayward children perhaps, wicked and unworthy of their heritage perhaps—but still at their worst children of God gone wrong, and not impersonal puppets incapable of going right. Joseph Wood Krutch has put the whole bitter conclusion of naturalistic materialism in one sentence in *The Modern Temper*: “Ours is a lost cause, and there is no place for us in the natural universe.” You must break down that ugly and bitter conviction before you can talk to men of freedom. You must break down that hard and sordid

conception before you can summon men to respond to the call of high responsibility. Men who believe that cannot follow Immanuel Kant when he speaks of the glory of the moral law. They cannot follow Socrates when he refuses to accept liberty at the price of lawlessness and drinks the fatal hemlock when it has been made easy for him to escape. They cannot understand the moral order. They cannot understand the law of God. They cannot understand the tragedy of conscious turning from good to evil. They cannot understand the moral splendor of turning from evil to good. They cannot understand the depths of wickedness. They cannot understand the heights of ethical and spiritual living. They cannot understand the grace of God. They are like blind men listening to descriptions of radiant sunlight. They are like deaf men reading accounts of ravishing music. Opal sunrise and radiant sunsets may come and go—but they never know and they never understand. Glorious music may fill the air with harmony but they still live in a silent world. This is our first battle. We must break down the hard wall of materialism which leaves men dull and impotent and irresponsive to all the higher meaning of

life. Civilization itself is at stake in this struggle. Intelligence and ethics, art and religion, should make common cause in creating in men a new mind, a mind which believes in freedom and accepts responsibility, a mind which accepts the gift of critical intelligence and does not shrink from its use.

III

At this point I want to make the claim that the central tradition in the criticism of letters and life has the very greatest significance for us. There is a philosophical approach and one could use one of the historical systems of philosophy which emphasizes spiritual values here. There is a theological approach, and of course we must come to theology as the very heart of the whole matter. But I want to use now the approach through criticism, through what I like to call the Great Tradition.

From the time of Aristotle to our own there has been a central stream of critical thought moving through the centuries. It has been a criticism of literature. It has also been a criticism of life. It has constituted the bright thread of critical humanism in the civilized life of man. One of the great

Latin thinkers put a part of the matter clearly when he declared that you find in man appetite and reason, and that in the very nature of things the appetite ought to be controlled by the reason. Century after century it became clear as men thought of these things that there is a subhuman world and there is a world of human intelligence. The subhuman includes the whole realm of biological impulse. It also includes the whole realm of that impersonal, mathematical activity whose tale is told in the classical physics. But the very tale of civilization is the story of how man has used his intelligence in such a fashion as to achieve some sort of control over the biological impulses, thus moving out of the condition of a savage, and in achieving the most varied control over the uniformities of the physical world, thus making our material civilization possible. The whole long epic is a tale of the control of the subhuman by the human. This control is not a theory. It is a series of facts to be found in many centuries of civilized life. These facts cannot be denied successfully by any philosophy. In fact any philosophy which tries to deny them will in the long run go down as it confronts the undeniable facts which belong to the

whole tale of the achievement of civilized life. Whatever is the basis of this power, whatever are the conditions of its exercise, man does possess the power to study and classify and understand and master and control and guide. The subhuman forces of appetite have been mastered and controlled in untold millions of cases. The subhuman forces of the physical world have been made man's slaves. So the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, the airplane, the electric dynamo, the radio instruments, and a thousand instruments of man's activity have been made his slaves through his use of his critical intelligence. In the face of all this, to assert that man is a puppet in a predetermined world is the sheerest folly.

It may be that long ago a tiny creature moving among the trees paused to gaze upon two branches and to choose upon which one of them to put forth its weight. There may have been the pucker of a primitive brow and the odd mental struggle of the beginning of decision. But however it came about, human intelligence is a fact. It is based upon clear freedom in choosing among alternatives, and it makes possible the character of the hero and the saint and the achievements,

theoretical and practical, of the man of science.

This power of choice deserves close inspection. For as you gaze upon alternatives you must form some sort of basis in choosing between them. This involves the erection of a standard. And as through centuries of experience in life and in literature men erect standards and test their validity, they come in sight of those permanent standards which give its real significance to civilized life. A standardless life is a barbarous life. A truly civilized life is a life lived in conformity to the highest standards. There is always, as the Pope in Browning's *Ring and the Book* saw, this one tremendous business of deciding. And he did not put the matter too strongly when he said: "Life's business is just the terrible choice." All this is involved in the penetrating sentence of Matthew Arnold: "Man must begin, know this, where nature ends." And it is made explicit in Emerson's memorable utterance: "There is one law for man and another law for the thing." Stuart Sherman had it in mind in his caustic utterances about getting man into nature and then getting him out again. There has been a good deal of uncritical sentimentality about

subhuman nature. It may require a certain amount of courage to say so, but the truth is there is more significance in the poorest sermon than in the most massive cliff thrusting its splendid mass into the sea. Indeed the whole story of human beings in commerce with ideas and ideals is the most wonderful story until you come to religion in all the world. I remember being in England once when certain men made a head-on attack on the Old Testament. It was a terrible body of literature. It ought to be kept away from children. As a matter of fact the story of man's response to the moral voice which says "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" is anything but corrupting. Perhaps it is the only thing which is not corrupting. One remembers that the Old Testament was the only university which Jesus ever attended. What was good enough to form his mind will probably do no serious harm to our boys and girls. The moral and religious history of Israel is indeed the textbook of civilization.

For we must come to religion. When once we have clearly seen the meaning of life on the two levels, we must rise to the height of forming some conception of life on the third

level. There is the subhuman. There is the human. There is also the divine.

Sooner or later we must ask ourselves the question as to whether we find the basis for our ultimate interpretation of the universe in the subhuman world of appetite or the subhuman world of mechanical interaction. The answer must very definitely be in the negative, for in neither case could you explain the emergence of critical intelligence in man. You can explain the lower by means of the higher. You can never explain the higher in the terms of the lower.

Do you find then in the free and darting mind of man, with its observing and classifying and controlling, a hint of the ultimate nature of the universe? The answer must very definitely be in the affirmative. Lift that bright and quicksilver-like intelligence to heights beyond the reach of man. Fill it with the amplitude of perfect knowledge and perfect goodness and perfect will and you have a hint of life on the third level. You have a hint of the life of God.

Of course there are difficult problems. If there is perfect goodness at the heart of the world how do you explain the presence of evil? Without attempting to underestimate

the seriousness of this question we may retort by lifting an even more baffling problem: How could you account for the presence of goodness in an evil world? Here is heroism and here are unselfish lives of the most astonishing moral beauty. Can you ever explain how such flowers bloomed if there were no seeds which contained the promise of their rare and radiant bloom? It is surely easier to deal with the problem of evil in a world good at heart, which is a world of free moral choices, than it is to deal with a world where again and again goodness like that of a mother's love fairly blinds us, if in this universe there is no basis of goodness which explains its presence.

There are, of course, subtle psychological problems. Sometimes the psychologists of a certain type seem to make the world of dreams a world of coiling serpents and of howling beasts. The evil which we love, although we never surrender to it sufficiently to put it into deeds, we are told sinks into our subconscious life and comes to haunt us in lawless dreams. It all seems rather too terrible until we think of the other side of the picture. For the good which we admire but to which we do not quite surrender also sinks

into our subconscious life and it comes back to haunt us in beautiful dreams. Take the case of that young scoundrel, Jacob, as it is recorded in the Old Testament. He was a liar and a thief and generally a bad sort. He behaved so badly that he had to flee away from his home to save his life. Up to this time it seemed that a pious home and good parents meant nothing to him. But the goodness which he had given no place in his action had sunk into his subconscious life and it came back to haunt him in his dreams. Away from home and sleeping with his head on a stone he dreamed of a ladder which reached to the sky upon which angels were ascending and descending. In truth the subconscious may sometimes be a den of serpents. But it may just as well be a treasure house of golden thoughts and of gracious and luminous ideals. For even the goodness which we reject comes back to haunt us in gracious dreams.

In any event here we are in the world of the three levels. There is the subhuman world of appetite and of mechanical interaction. There is the human world of critical intelligence. There is the summoning divine world of goodness and truth and love.

Among those realities we must live. Among these realities we must choose.

When once we see this life becomes tragic indeed but very magnificent and very glorious. For now we come to realize that there was more than daring rhetoric in the explosive words of Edna Saint Vincent Millay:

"The soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through,
But east and west will pierce the heart
That cannot keep them forced apart.
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

In the conception of life on the three levels you have a sound basis for that which has already been experienced in civilized life and for the noblest hopes which hover before the mind of man. And here you have an intellectual structure which effectively prepares men for the message of the Great Evangel.

IV

Just a little while ago Dr. Paul Elmer More published a very remarkable book entitled *The Sceptical Approach to Religion*. It is an extremely important book for anyone who has been interested in the Evangel which con-

vinces the mind. It is not so much that book of which I wish to speak just now, however. But rather the spiritual pilgrimage of Dr. Paul Elmer More himself. It is now a good many years since he graduated from Harvard and since the period when he went off to a spot near the New England town of Shelburne and there lived alone except for his dog and his books. The exception is rather important for the books represented the masterpieces of the ages. Paul Elmer More became a man of astonishing erudition. He was familiar with Greek literature from *Homer* to the *Anthology*. He was at home in Latin literature. And in the literature of Germany and France. And he knew English literature from Chaucer to Matthew Arnold. This vast body of literature of many races and of many lands was his laboratory. Here he found the materials for his critical work. With this background he set to work to find those principles which held their own in every culture in every race and in every time, those permanent standards by which men and nations might wisely and satisfactorily live. He saw everything in the terms of everything else. He became an expert in the genealogy of ideas and ideals. All this he did on a secu-

lar level. The brilliant pages of the first series of the *Shelburne Essays*—eleven volumes—tell the story.

But Paul Elmer More became a sound Platonist. It became increasingly apparent to him that the ideals and the standards by which men live must have a place in the very structure of the universe itself. And as time went on he saw with sharp clarity that the standards which give intellectual and moral and spiritual distinction to life must exist in the mind of a Great Person. The world of ideas must be the world of a Divine Conscious Intelligence.

But could such a Being remain silent? Could he shut himself off from the life of rational creatures like those who make up the human race? All this time Paul Elmer More was making a more thorough study of Greek philosophy, of the New Testament, and of Greek Theology up to the time of Nicaea and Chalcedon. The results of this study were put in the masterful volumes on the Greek Tradition. The goal of the dialectic became very clear in the volume *Christ the Word*. Here the reader saw the Incarnation as the inevitable fulfilment of all that was provided in the principles of Platonism. The Divine

Intelligence had indeed broken into human life in all the wonder of that life of perfect words and perfect deeds which made Syria immortal. But the belief that the Word could and did become flesh had tremendous corollaries. It must be then the very nature of the material to wear the livery of the spiritual. And this nobly sacramental view of life Dr. More set forth in a volume of clear and kindling thought. The long journey from a lofty and earnest criticism on the secular level to a criticism mastered by an unhesitating belief in the Incarnation and a world where it is the very genius of the material to be mastered by the spiritual had been made. There is one more stage in such a journey. And its goal would be the clear insight that the God who cannot be contented with less than the meeting of man on the level of his mental experience in this human world must also meet him on the level of his moral tragedy, of his confusion and his bitter pain. God must be the great sufferer as well as the complete intelligence. Perhaps Dr. More will tell the tale of this final journey in a later volume. In the meantime I know from words I have heard fall from his lips that thoughts such as these are not now foreign to his mind.

But to speak merely of his public utterances, here we have an intellectual and spiritual pilgrimage taken by a man of our time and of our own land, a man of superb erudition and of the sharpest critical intelligence who has found himself driven by the honest processes of his own mind to an assured belief in Christ the Word.

V

We are ready now, I think, to see that it is the very substance of the Christian Religion which constitutes the Great Evangel—the Evangel which convinces the mind. It is not a fascinating fragment of the Christian faith, it is not some aspect of this astonishing religion, it is the whole organism of Christian belief which taken together speaks to a man's intelligence in a fashion which is completely authentic and completely convincing. The cluster of beliefs about God and man, about the moral life and the spiritual fulfilment, about Christ and his words and work, about the temporal and the eternal, about the individual and society, about the life today and the eternal life, all of this in the unity of one coherent interpretation of the universe and life constitutes the commanding Evangel

which is the highest hope and the deepest inspiration of mankind.

It is the mind which has been fertilized by all these conceptions, as together they speak to the human intellect, which has come to some genuine apprehension of the convincing power with which the Christian Religion addresses human intelligence. The evangelist may speak in words of great simplicity and with all the directness of a mind impatient of subtlety and of the complicated processes of profound argument. And often—perhaps always in the final crisis of appeal and summons—it is good that it should be so. But back of this beautiful simplicity which a child can understand is a powerful dialectic which does not hesitate to meet every challenge from the study of the theory of thought and knowledge, of the nature of reality itself, of morals and art, of the active life, and of religion. If it may be said of men who enter the Christian life that a little child shall lead them, it may also be said that intellectual giants are needed to begin to sound the depths and to climb to the heights of the great arguments with which the Christian religion advances to meet the mind of man.

LECTURE THREE

THE EVANGEL WHICH MASTERS THE CONSCIENCE

ONE day during a recent summer I went to Waterloo Station in London to take a boat train for the Continent. Just as I took my seat in the pullman car, I noticed beside my window on a platform outside one of the movable book tables one sees in such places, with a number of books and magazines lying upon it. And while I looked idly on a passenger came by and purchased a new book which had just caught my eye, P. C. Wren's *Beggars' Horses*. Supposing this to be the last copy on the table, I was at once seized with an inordinate desire to possess the book. Hardly anticipating the possibility of a favorable reply, I went out to the bookseller with the question, "You haven't by any possibility another copy of P. C. Wren's *Beggars' Horses*? Much to my delight the seller of books reached under the table and produced another copy. So as the train moved off to-

ward the sea I was completely engaged with the first taste of Wren's new book. I suppose nobody would accuse P. C. Wren of being a great writer. But he does know how to tell a rattling good story of adventure, and there is likely to be about it a little more than the rush of wildly exciting events. In *Beggars' Horses* Mr. Wren comes perilously near to writing a tale which with all its drama—and perhaps melodrama—contains a serious consideration of some very important matters in respect of human life. The book opens in India. Half a dozen British officers are paying a visit to an Indian holy man. Before they leave he asks each of them what he would choose if he could have what he most desires. They all take it as a pleasant game and answer quite lightly and yet very sincerely. One of them quite unabashed declares that he would like to be the wealthiest man in all the world; another says that he would like to be the strongest man in the British army, in the British Empire—well, yes, the strongest man on the planet; one whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather died early declares that he would like to have long life; one who has always had a feeling that life might bring tragedy to

him declares simply that he would like to be happy; one who for years has been battling with poor health declares that he would like to be free from that and have perfect health; and one puts it all in the desire to be brave. When the little game is over, rather to their surprise the holy man tells them that each of them is to possess just what he most desires. And the remainder of the book tells what came of it. Before the end of the story every one of the men came to feel that it was the most tragic thing he could imagine to have what he wanted more than anything else in all the world. The strong man came upon a terrible death which his strength made possible; the brave man endured what it is torture even to imagine; the wealthy man (whose wealth had come through no evil methods) wanted nothing so much as to get rid of his wealth; the happy man found tragic felicity in an insane asylum where he discovered to his huge delight that he had as many fingers as toes; the man with long life confronted a torturing situation in the wilds of Africa where death would have been a relief; the man with health found that his health betrayed him at a crisis in his life. The real felicity, the real satisfaction of life in prac-

tically each case lay elsewhere. The men felt at last that they were condemned to have what they wanted.

If the history of human living teaches anything it is that human desires seem utopian only as long as they are unsatisfied. After you possess the thing you always find that it does not satisfy. Gratified desire satiates. Gratified desire leaves an empty mind and an empty heart, unless the desire has some basis far beyond its own selfish satisfaction. The pathway of desire always leads to disillusionment. And that not merely if it is ignoble or lustful or licentious. That which is charming and graceful and not at all ignoble lacks the power to give permanent satisfaction. Gradually we come to the place where we see that our desires must be subjected to criticism. There must be a choice among desires. And even more deeply the whole philosophy of desire must be subjected to the most searching analysis. Out of this experience we come with a profound conviction that life does not exist for the purpose of satisfying our selfish desires. We exist for the purpose of satisfying something greater than ourselves. We never can find in the Garden of Epicurus the word which we need.

I

In some moment of golden illumination it will dawn on us that we are not here to judge the universe. The universe judges us. We are not to ask life to meet our demands. We are to discover what life demands of us. Leslie Stephen once put the matter in trenchant fashion when he said that every man should ask himself the question now and again: "What possible reason is there why my neck should not be wrung at the end of five minutes?"

Here we sit. Life comes rushing in upon us. In our best moments we do not make demands of life. Who under heaven are we that we should dare to do that? Rather in humble mood we ask what life requires of us. First-class men always understand this. Second-class men are always asking life to satisfy their puny demands. Man's first step toward emancipation from mediocrity comes when he realizes that life is greater than he is, that life is the teacher and he is the pupil, that he must sit at the feet of the teacher and wait for the word of understanding. The greatest scientists have had this attitude in respect of the uniformities of nature. The greatest masters of living have taken this at-

titude toward life itself. Whenever a man leaves the mental house where, to use Benjamin Disraeli's bitter words, "his cosmos is all ego," and journeys to a dwelling place where he is only a part of something greater than himself, he has set out on the great moral adventure which gives to life its deepest meaning. The principle is practical enough. In a family where each person is thinking of himself first, last, and all the time the family becomes a pocket edition of the *Inferno*. In a family where each member finds the meaning of his life in the full and rich life of all the others you begin to have a sense of what heaven might be. The only true emancipation finds freedom in a great loyalty. The psuedofreedoms enslave the world. W. C. Brownell put a whole philosophy of life into a phrase when he spoke of a generation seeking to be untrammelled and only succeeding in being unbuttoned. The first question to ask a man is this: Have you found something in life bigger and greater than yourself? In one of her brilliant novels May Sinclair described a man of fastidious taste lying in a hammock on a cool piazza drinking iced drinks on an afternoon of blistering heat, while the young woman to whom he was en-

gaged, seated in the hot and stuffy music room near by, played a most difficult and intricate composition, the very rendering of which on such an afternoon and in such a place had elements of something not unlike suffering. The completely unconscious egoist did not know what bitter condemnation he was pronouncing upon himself as he listened to the lovely music. The land of uncriticized desires is at last a dark and hateful land. There is something within a man which points beyond his own pleasure, beyond his own gratification. Something very deep and important stirs within him as he hears that question: Have you found in life anything bigger than yourself?

II

So life itself teaches us if we are willing to listen that the first great principle to determine our choice among desires is this: The desires which reach beyond ourselves are always more significant, more durable, as well as more noble than the "miserable aims which end in self." Another principle quickly follows: Among our personal desires those which tend to unify the individual life on a high level of co-ordinated activity are more

significant, more potential in a good sense, and more noble than those which lead toward an isolated gratification apart from the whole life. We begin to appreciate the caustic criticism of Paul Valery that the modern mind holds within itself contradictory ideas and incompatible desires. We see how a life inhabited by a cluster of mutually destructive aspirations is foredoomed to tragic failure. We see the menace of inner anarchy. We are ready to appreciate the words of Irving Babbitt: "The special mark of the half-educated man is his harboring of incompatible desires." We come to a growing understanding of the far-reaching character of the work of the selective process acting among the desires.

At this point we come upon what may be called the higher hedonism. Its subtle appeal is well illustrated by the work of Walter Pater. On the surface Pater seems to be guided by almost austere principles. His taste seems sternly impeccable. Sometimes you feel that he does not allow the rich warm currents of life to flow in their true river bed. So sophisticated is his sense of subtly distilled taste that it becomes like a code of morals. But it never *is* a code of morals. It is always

an insight into the nature of the most refined pleasure. Walter Pater may be a veritable aristocrat of Epicureans, but an Epicurean he is for all that. He never judges pleasure by a standard which he finds above pleasure. He judges pleasure by a standard which he finds in pleasure itself. He is a very highly civilized hedonist, but he is a hedonist still. With a most delicate palate he tastes the wines of life, a highly sensitized connoisseur. But for all the delicacy of his instruments of judgment, it remains true that he finds his code in the wine cellar. All this is of the utmost importance in no end of ways. There is an altruism which is based not upon a lofty set of principles, but upon the subtle aesthetic pleasure of being altruistic. There is a sense of co-ordination of the elements of the individual life which is based not on a set of permanent sanctions but upon the subtle almost sensual pleasure of being about the work of co-ordination. In all this an Epicurean wears the livery of a man of high principle, but never really transcends the doctrine of pleasure. He chooses among his desires with subtle sophistication but never surrenders the position that pleasure is the standard by which everything must be judged at last.

There is a good deal of grafting, and a good deal of cross-fertilization, but his ultimate devotion is to the flowers which bloom in Epicurus' garden. He never quite rises from sensations to ideas. He never quite rises from emotions to ideals. He never quite rises from pleasures to principles. And so all his subtly distilled gratifications turn to dust and ashes upon his lips at last.

III

So through the struggle with life itself a man comes to the place where he confronts the *moral imperative*. He finds something above pleasure by which pleasure is judged. He finds something above desire by which desire is judged. He finds a moral structure in life. He finds a moral imperative at the base of living. Life itself confronts him with a great "Thou shalt" and an equally imperative "Thou shalt not." This sense of the might of the moral must is one of the greatest and one of the most potential experiences of life.

In the mood of corrosive and realistic honesty a man turns in scorn from the idea that he is a mere puppet pulled by wires of inscrutable necessity in an impersonal world. He feels fresh mountain airs blowing

through his mind. He reads the words "We are architects of fate" in glad acquiescence. He feels that he is a citizen of a moral order. He feels a glow of response as he reads the lyrical Old Testament words: "Oh, how I love thy law." He meditates happily upon the conception that life is to be conformed to a glorious pattern given to man upon the Mount. He finds his greatest pleasure in that which is beyond pleasure. He finds his highest desire created by that which is above and beyond desire.

This sense of the meaning of permanent standards is the very central matter in the moral life. To speak in the terms of contemporary thinkers it is the basis of Paul Elmer More's inner check and of Irving Babbitt's *frein vital* (vital control). It is the universal Socrates was seeking and in the name of which his demon spoke. It is that general principle which Aristotle put at the heart of all great tragedy. It is the golden thread which runs through the ethical life of man, the sense that the universe is shot through with moral meaning. The apprehension that there are permanent standards the comprehension of which is the goal of ethical insight, and obedience to which is the substance of

which character is made, comes to a man with a shock like that of glorious revelation. Now life becomes not a garden offering subtly distilled sensations, but a school of judgment. A man finds within himself a higher self sitting on a throne of decision and judging his desires. And this higher self he recognizes to be in some subtle sense a representative of that highest self of all which is the ultimate moral voice of the universe. The rush of expansive emotions is very alluring, but it carries one over Niagara at last. The hot movement of the Elan Vital is very masterful and seems very authentic, but it really represents the substitution of subhuman passion for intelligent control. When it is followed things are indeed in the saddle and they ride mankind. Or to put it in another way, the horse has put the bit in man's teeth and sits in control while intelligence is subjected to instinct. All sorts of pseudomoralities and pseudospiritualities are found on this level. The horse becomes an equine Socrates. Only this animal philosopher of animality is indeed a sophist and makes the worse appear the better reason. Sometimes his name is D. H. Lawrence and he presides as high priest as discarded animalities come forth wearing

the garments of ethical and spiritual deities. Men are taught how to play the devil as an expression of spiritual emancipation. Men are taught to spurn civilization for primitivism, as when the only flash of genuine satisfaction in *Morning Becomes Electra* is the heat of barbaric pleasure on a barbaric isle. The body prescribes to the mind. The senses lay down the law to the spirit. It is a mad world whose philosophy is the philosophy of hell.

This way of course lie illusion and frustration and despair. And with infinite relief the moral pilgrim turns to that stern daughter of the voice of God which restores to life its sanity, its sense of moral perfection, and its eternal meaning. Civilization is once more a school of moral judgment. "Man's business is just the terrible choice."

IV

And now we come to what is really the most cruel, incredible, and bitter dilemma of life. I would like to approach it cautiously, looking at one side of the problem and then at another, but being sure first or last of really seeing its significance. Let me put the general situation as succinctly as I can. When

a man makes the great central choice it would seem that all should begin to go merrily as marriage bells. As a matter of fact this is just what does not happen. The moral world inhabited by the man who has made the great decision becomes so difficult that its very sanctions come to seem his foes and not his friends. The adventure of moral obedience to great sanctions upon which he had entered so blithely becomes a dark and terrible maze where it is easy to lose one's self in complete bewilderment. And sometimes it seems as if a man's sanity as well as his intellectual self-respect is at stake. The torturing nature of the dilemma is illustrated by Carlyle's wild cry: "I will live a white life; I will live a white life if I go to hell for it." And equally it appears in Hegel's sad sentence: "I see the ideal all the while, but I simply cannot realize it." Suppose we take a concrete illustration. Suppose we think of Falstaff and Prince Hal in their wild free days of careless vagabondage. Nobody can deny the gay attractiveness of it all. There is no moral earnestness. There is only moral carelessness. But how joyously fascinating it all is. By and by Prince Hal turns from this life of gay irresponsibility to face the serious de-

mands made upon a great king. He meets his old comrade and rebuffs him. All this commends itself to your judgment. Of course a responsible king cannot have a court of vagabonds. But somehow emotionally it leaves you very cold. And if you are quite honest you have to admit that you like the Hal of gay irresponsibility better than the king of serious and sober demeanor. Then you begin to look at the matter in a larger way. How curious is the fashion in which many people become harder to live with as they become more earnest. They seem more attractive before they have a moral purpose than after they surrender it. Once they become earnest they are a burden to themselves and an annoyance to their friends. They seem to have a way of becoming serious-minded stepmothers of the human race at large. The harder they try the more terrible become the demands of the moral standard whose behests they are trying to fulfil. A man who had been through the experience once described it by saying: "I tried to live up to my light, but too many more lights were turned on." It all becomes very perplexing and baffling. And in the end it becomes tragic. We flinch from the last questions which we

must ask, but asked they must be: Is there something essentially unsound about the ethical structure of the universe? Is there something essentially immoral about morality? Why do we live in a world where we lose all soundness if we do not obey the behests of the moral law, and when we do set about heeding the demands of the moral voice we become hard and self-conscious and confused and perfectly unhappy? What is the explanation of what that brilliant theologian Olin Alfred Curtis once called "the merciless expansion of the moral task"? What is the meaning of this moral dilemma at the very heart of morality?

The answer I suspect will involve an insight into the very nature of the connection between morality and religion, between the life of moral endeavor and the life of faith. Once and again I find myself driven to a very simple and human tale to convey the insight which seems to me to be of most importance here. Though so simple it seems to me to carry a very profound philosophy.

I once knew a very keen and able man whose little daughter was a perpetual source of interest and of some anxiety to her father. She was a very self-important little some-

body. At first the assurance of the tiny creature was very amusing and very charming. But her wise father foresaw danger as he forecast the future. She might become a rather impossible young woman if somehow she did not learn the folly of the constant assumption that the world was her oyster. What was amusing in a child might become intolerable in a woman. The father meditated much about the problem. At last one day when they were summering in the White Mountains he suggested to his little daughter that they climb to the very top of one of the great hills. She was all delight. Such a trip with a mountain climber like her father was what she wanted more than anything else in all the world. So right eagerly she rose early one morning and set off with her father on the fascinating adventure. At first the road was wide and the climbing was easy. The little girl went ahead with an amusing air of importance and achievement. By and by the road became a trail. The way became steep. The climbing was difficult. The daughter set her face rather firmly and kept valiantly on. Then the way became even more torturous. There were stones which stung like bees. The little girl tripped and

fell. She rose quickly. She would show her father that she was not discouraged or afraid. Thorns cut through her stockings and there were bruises left as she fell again. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. Still she kept grimly on her way. At last after one particularly ugly fall she turned completely discouraged and downcast. All the self-assurance was gone. She flung herself weeping into her father's arms. And now everything changed. With his arm to guide her and his hand to steady her, they went on safely and successfully. At last quite happily they reached the summit. She had never been meant to climb that hard and even dangerous mountain trail alone. Her father had given her an impossible task. So she learned the meaning of having one's strength reinforced by a greater strength. So she came upon one of the really essential insights of life.

To put it truly and bluntly God has given to each of us an impossible task. We cannot climb the great mountain of life alone. He has put into the very structure of our moral life a demand which we cannot meet, a summons to which we cannot adequately respond. All this he has done because life is organic.

Only with his help can the demand be met. Only with his help can we really and adequately respond to life's summons. Only with his help can we climb the mountain.

This moral dilemma only comes to creatures capable of fellowship with God. "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in thee." Morality tells the tale of man's life when he is depending upon his own achievement. Religion tells the tale of man's life when he has learned to trust in God. We begin the great ascent of the mountain all too confident, all too sure of our own strength. By and by we fall flat as we go staggering up the heights. Then the Great Father puts his arm about us and we go up the mountain to the top together. Do you want the theological expression of the experience? "By grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Do you think I am being hopelessly Pauline tonight? My only reply would be that I suspect Paul knew what the Christian religion is about.

A thousand matters are seen in different perspective when once one has come to this central insight. The moral law retains all its majesty. But it is seen as part of something

larger, as part of something even more splendid. The very structure of moral personality sets processes in motion which must at last find their fruition in religion which transcends morality at the very moment when it fulfils all its high behests.

V

From these high table-lands the mountain of religion lifts its summit straight against the sky. It is of the utmost importance that we should really understand the experience of that moral pilgrim, man, as he passes from the difficult road of self-dependence to the great highway of trust. Now all his self-consciousness is gone. All his hard and grim rigidity is replaced by a mellow richness of life. The moral law has become his friend and is no longer a hard master. The man who had been a slave in the universe has become a son in his father's house. He is even more in earnest than before but he has lost his nervous and irritable and irritating ways. He is not an Atlas staggering alone under the burden of the world. The heaviest part of the load rests upon the shoulders of that Great Burden Bearer whose sharing of the burden has made all things new. There is a

glad and joyous freedom even about great tasks. There is a happy and graceful movement. Life has become a *beau geste* and not a succession of hard and rigid movements. You see now that the self-consciousness and censoriousness which have disturbed you in many earnest people represented the green apple stage in their development. When the fruit is ripe it is always delicious. The saints are always fascinating. They are as happy as if they were irresponsible, and their earnestness is prevented from destroying their peace through a great trust in God. We see now that the care-free Prince Hal is really in a dangerous plight. He is like a little ship dancing about without a rudder. But the full religious attainment is so rooted in our organic relation to God that it has the gay zest of irresponsibility and the high strength of purpose grounded in the character of God and secure in his omnipotence. If you watch the last appearances of Falstaff you see the process of deterioration which is in full operation. A man is only safe when he finds a moral purpose. And a moral purpose is only truly enriching when it links human aspiration with divine grace, and is at last securely

rooted in the God whose face we have seen in the face of Jesus Christ.

We understand it all a little better when we see that a true experience of religion puts God at the center of the circle of a man's life. As long as we are depending upon our own achievement there is a flaw in our motive, however high our principles and however noble our ideal. But when the motive of duty is transfigured and transformed into the motive of love we do the same things with a certain swing and gladness which is altogether new. The love of Christ constrains us. The lyric note now enters human life.

Paul made something of the distinction between a righteous man and a good man. It is a distinction we ought never to forget. The good man has forgotten all thought of self in the joyous commitment of a great devotion. His trust has emancipated him from self-consciousness. At the very moment when he is most active he is looking beyond all action to the God in whose fellowship he has found the meaning of life.

VI

Here we come upon that Evangelical note which is the characteristic of the deepest and

richest experience of the Christian religion. In the year 1914 I had an interview with Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who was at that time editor of the *British Weekly*. He suggested to me the importance of reading a series of volumes entitled "The Evangelical Succession." The books were soon in my possession. They contained a series of biographical addresses delivered by a number of eminent Christian leaders in Free Saint Georges in the great days of Dr. Alexander Whyte. The reader passed through the centuries and met one great Christian leader after another. They all had in common the fact that a personal experience of the evangelical type of religion gave them a place in the Evangelical succession. I shall refer to a few of them as illustrations of the consummation of moral struggle in religious peace of which I have been speaking.

There was that keen young man, Saul of Tarsus, growing up in a brilliant university city, trained in Jerusalem under Gamaliel, a man who entered into the tradition of the purest religion the world had ever seen. At the very height of his vigorous manhood he determined perfectly to keep the law of God. A very strange thing happened. The harder

he tried the more unhappy he became. It was a very immoral situation as you see. When a man is trying to do right he ought to be happy, and when he is willingly doing wrong he ought to be miserable. This young man named Saul was trying to do right and was perfectly unhappy. And the more he tried the worse the situation became. Indeed it was all made a matter of added bitterness because he was constantly seeing the fanatical leaders of a misguided sect confronted by the law. Some of them were slain. And every one of them possessed just the peace for which he longed and to which he could not attain. What right had they to be happy while he was miserable? The ugly inconsistency in the whole situation haunted him until he became a fiercer and fiercer persecutor of the sect he had learned to hate. He watched Stephen die, his face all full of light. He set off for Damascus to ferret out and punish more members of the evil sect. He was mad with wrath and pain. Then at midday on his journey he saw a light brighter than the sun. And this self-conscious man whose cosmos was all ego found a divine Master who made him quite forget himself. He stopped trying to earn

peace and came upon the joy of a great trust. By and by he was able to say in all truth: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." He suffered much but he did not lose his glorious faith. He argued like the brilliant dialectician he was. But there was always a song under his argument. Paul's arguments always came to a consummation in a lyrical doxology. He had completely lost his self-consciousness in the peace of God.

Drop down to North Africa several centuries later. The fourth century is rounding into the fifth and at Hippo in North Africa Augustine is bishop. The amazing story of his inner life has been told with glowing power in his own *Confessions*. His hot North African blood surged madly, and he found the way of indulgence so easy as almost to seem inevitable. He was torn by the conflict between ideals he never made realities, and gross realities which seemed to sound the death knell of his ideals. He had an intellect of imperial energy and of cutting power. But his regal brain was not matched by a regal will. He beheld with humiliation

the spectacle of Christians whose intelligence he despised displaying a character with which he did not dare to compare his own. Life was a succession of tensions in which the noble spirit who wanted to become Augustine suffered defeat after defeat. Conscience made him a coward at the very moment when his intellect made him a king. At last he, too, made the great surrender. He too entered the glorious way of trust. He put the story of it into the great sentence "Oh, God, thou hast made us for thyself and our souls are restless until they find rest in thee." Augustine the brilliant passionate North African was different enough in many ways from Saul the keen-minded Jew. But both knew the story of the same great experience. Each made the goal in the pilgrimage from restlessness of the human experience to the peace and power of a great trust in God through Jesus Christ.

Come now to the sixteenth century and look in upon that vigorous scholar Martin Luther in the Augustinian Monastery. He is a sturdy peasant who has become a learned man and has entered a house of religion. He is living such a life of self-denial that he is the amazement of all who dwell in the Mon-

astery. But while everyone else marvels at his ascetic life, the worm is all the while gnawing at his own heart. He is trying to earn peace. He is trying to make a religion out of morality. For whenever you try to do the thing yourself that is morality. And whenever trust in God becomes the central matter that is religion. And Martin Luther does not succeed. In that struggle no man has ever succeeded. No man ever will succeed. The words "The just shall live by faith" allure him and summon him. Finally he too makes the great surrender. His restless conscience drives him to the way of trust. And at last he can write: "If you knock at the door of my heart, and ask who dwells here, I will not reply, 'Martin Luther dwells here'; I will say, 'Jesus Christ dwells here.'"

So Luther crossed the great divide. So the Reformation was born. First-century Jew! Fifth-century North African! Sixteenth-century German! What differences in race and culture, but the same great experience. Conscience made cowards of them all. Religion made princes of each one of them.

One day a few years ago, I drove from Lincoln in England over to Epworth and stood by the grave where John Wesley

preached a sermon on his father's tombstone when the Epworth pulpit was closed to him. A fascinating figure is that precise little Oxford scholar, fellow of Lincoln College, one of the most potential figures of the eighteenth century. A great little gentleman was John Wesley and a typical Englishman. Meticulous and methodical, a good deal of a starched highchurchman, with some inner capacity to cut through all formal rigidities and to find reality itself. In the days when mobs attacked him he seemed more interested after the riot was over in the fact that some mud had stuck to his garment than in the other fact that his life had been in danger. This keen logician, this well-made Oxford man got into that strange dilemma which has caught so many men of every type of race and social station, of intelligence and ignorance, of political life and of formal culture. That moral task which is implicit in the very structure of man's personal nature summoned Wesley. He set about earning salvation. He did no end of good deeds with a subtly selfish motive. He came to America to preach to the Indians in order to save himself. He was restless and confused and often in great spiritual darkness. Then there came the day

when he had been in Saint Paul's cathedral listening to some wonderful music and in the evening very unwillingly he went to a little religious meeting in Aldersgate Street. I never see the name of that street as I ride in the London Tube but I think of that night. Wesley found himself listening as someone read Luther's interpretation of Paul's statement based on his great and central experience. Note how the ages met! And as he listened John Wesley tells that he felt his heart strangely warmed, he felt that he did trust in Christ and in Christ alone for salvation. From that time the precise little Oxford scholar lived in a new world. The day came when little children would look at his face marveling at its bright luster. He used to say that in the baffling bewildering earlier days he had been a servant in his father's house. But at last he entered upon his estate as a son. The impossible task had led him to the God of Grace. From the hard way of trying to earn peace he had passed to the great highway of trust.

Paul—Augustine—Luther—Wesley, are but typical of untold millions who have been driven by the stern pressure of conscience to that struggling experience which at last is

transcended in the experience of faith. It is the great evangelical principle which came to luminous experience in these men's lives. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." The principle has been perceived at least dimly by men far from the evangelical tradition. Emerson put it into *The Oversoul*: "We are here not to work but to be worked upon." But in the central experience of the Christian religion it finds its classical and definitive expression.

VII

This then is the Evangel which masters the conscience. Subtle and profound as is the philosophy behind the whole process of struggle and emancipation, the experience itself is so simple that a little child may enter in. And it is just this experience which has given its great power to the Christian religion at its periods of high achievement. The burning energy, the glad assurance, the dynamic enthusiasm which once and again move with a kind of irresistible compulsion upon the lives of men, spring from this experience of the freedom and the power of a living trust in the living God as we see his face in the face of Christ.

All this is not a substitute for action. It is an inspiration to action. The evangelical is not an Antinomian. The mightiest era of reform the world has ever seen was a by-product of the Wesleyan Revival. Wilberforce is an example of the type of man who is driven by an evangelical experience into social action. A great and final trust in a God who is righteousness alive and love alive drives a man to social tasks. The man to whom the will of God is a conscience is not a laggard in social action. It is true that he trusts God as if no act of his ever had any significance. It is also true that driven by a divine compulsion he works and acts as if every deed of his had eternal significance. The Evangel which masters the conscience becomes the greatest social force in all the world.

LECTURE FOUR

THE EVANGEL WHICH WINS THE HEART

WHEN that brilliant writer Gamaliel Bradford died he left behind him something like eighteen volumes of biographical studies. He wrote of significant men and women on both sides of the Atlantic. With the most meticulous care he sought the clues which would reveal the actual inner quality of the lives he studied. Scientists and soldiers, statesmen and men of letters, women of social distinction and women who lived for the sake of their husbands, men of finance and men of spiritual passion, called and allured him. To find their secret and to tell it in sentences clear as crystal and full of the light of understanding became his engrossing passion. Of all these studies one more than any other was written *con amore*. That was the study of Robert E. Lee which he published in a volume entitled *Lee the American*. "It is an advantage," he says, "to have

a subject like Lee, that one cannot help loving. . . . You will find [in Lee] a human being as lovable as any that ever lived. At least I have. I have loved him, and I may say that his influence upon my own life, though I came to him late, has been as deep and inspiring as any I have ever known." In *American Portraits* he says: "I lived for ten years with the soul of Robert E. Lee and it made a better man of me. Six months of Mark Twain made me a worse—and I am fifty-six years old and not oversusceptible to infection." So the clear-headed, coolly critical, slightly cynical New England writer capitulated to the tug upon his heartstrings of Robert E. Lee. Perhaps I am taking undue advantage in beginning thus with the great hero of the South. But frankly I do not want to debate this matter of the emotions. And everyone knows that you cannot understand Robert E. Lee with your head alone. You can only fully understand him with your heart. Personally I make no apology for the emotional side of life. To be sure, emotions must be disciplined. They must be mastered and guided by high purpose and noble decision. But the life without emotion is a meaningless life. Even in the realm of the

intellect an idea which never catches fire never comes to life at all. And if you take the noble emotion out of religion you sound its death knell. For true religion is like the bush which is always burning but is never consumed. Of course there is no end of burning in human experience which is terribly destructive. But that is the burning of unethical passion; it is not the steady flame of vital intelligence or high moral purpose or spiritual fellowship. True religion is always a deathless fire. Dante had a wonderfully true intuition in respect of these things. And he painted the great consummation as the perfect flower of a rose of love and fire—perfect beauty and exhaustless spiritual passion cleansed from every stain. And he painted the lowest hell as a block of ice in which Lucifer was frozen. Heaven was the transcendent glory of a passion pure and exhaustless. Hell at the very bottom of it where its true nature was revealed was that hard and terrible ice which robs everything of life and of the last pulse of wistful desire. Heaven is the rose of fire burning and blooming forever. Heaven is truth on fire and goodness on fire and beauty on fire—all of these burning but not consumed—full of the

illumination of light and of the warmth which gives life—forever.

So as tragic as lawless emotion may be, as devastating as uncivilized emotion may be, as dangerous as is romantic reverie untouched by the discipline of permanent loyalties, it remains true that perfection itself is not true perfection until icy correctness becomes burning and luminous. It is only when the heart ascends to the brain that either to the highest doth attain. So I have no scruples—indeed I am more than eager—to speak of the Evangel which wins the heart.

If anyone is left entirely cold in the presence of such considerations as these, I do not know that there is anything which I can do about it. One of the great contemporary scientists whose eyes can see far more than appears before his optics tells a half-laughing tale of an island of blind men each one of whom was a philosopher. A shipwreck threw on the shores of this island a group of very simple and unintellectual sailors. One and all, in the presence of the island of philosophers who had been born blind, and who had never heard of sight, these illiterate sailors insisted that they could see. They described the sunrise and the sunset and all the beau-

ties of nature. The learned philosophers were much perplexed. At last they appointed a committee to look into the case of the illiterate sailors and their strange pretensions. The committee made a series of case studies. They classified the material with scrupulous exactness. Finally they submitted a unanimous report. In every case it was discovered that the sailor who claimed that he could see such wonderful things moved his eyelids just before he had the experience which he called sight. Indeed if you held the eyelids shut he saw nothing at all. Clearly then the phenomenon called sight was a curious and pathological affection connected with the movements of the eyelids of some men and had no objective significance at all. The report was accepted with relief. It was filed away in the archives of the Island of Blind Philosophers. But the dull and obdurate sailors went on rejoicing in the purple light of the dawn as it sharpened into silver flame, and the golden beauty of the sunset as it changed to royal purple and then faded away. They were happy in the beauties of nature and the light on human faces. And the wise blind philosophers smiled in tolerant and superior fashion as they heard their talk. I have no

argument with the man who shuts emotion out of his life. I can only hope for some stabbing sense of beauty which will open his eyes. I can only hope for some experience leaping from the very heart of life which will make clear to him that which cannot be captured by the subtle net of any argument.

I

The true Evangel must win the heart because stopping short of that it leaves the mightiest of the creative forces of life untouched.

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one.
But the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun.

"The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one.
But the light of a whole life dies
When love is gone."

Browning meant a good deal more than a vital biological urge when he wrote "A loving worm within its clod were diviner than a loveless God amid his worlds." At least if some physiological monist interpreting life on a subhuman level thinks that Browning

meant no more than his limited mind is able to compass, we mean very much more, and we mean something very different as we quote the words. When in "Saul" Browning cries, "See the Christ stand!" he has put the creative power of love into one memorable sentence. But to this we will come later on.

In the meantime it is most important to face the fact that hate disintegrates and breaks up and destroys. And it is rather remarkable, when you think of it, how many sermons are songs of hate. No doubt a good many things deserve to be hated. And no doubt it is a highly Christian exercise to express the hate of evil in corrosive speech. But the man who has only a "gospel of hate"—if one may venture to speak so paradoxically—is very poorly equipped for the enterprise of changing even the mind of the world, not to speak of his utter inadequacy in the presence of the deeper task of changing the hearts of men. Some of you may have seen that amazing mural at Dartmouth College which sets forth the lineaments of the Christ of hate. There he stands in a wonderful athletic posture, an almost naked figure with a muscular strength which is simply magnificent. He might be a prize fighter just ready

for a boxing contest to determine a world championship. I was astonished at the sheer power of the figure. It is one of the most amazing things I have ever seen. As you look closely you come to see that he is not waiting to use those terrible muscles of arms and feet. Cathedrals and churches have been overturned. The Cross itself has felt his awful power. His eyes are blazing with hysterical wrath. His muscles are still tense from terrible action. The Christ of hate is portrayed in the very midst of his violent repudiation of twenty centuries of history which have been unworthy of him. The thing that tears at you most as you look at the mural is the sense that it is not entirely a lie. All too often men who by profession have represented Christ have deserved to meet a terrible Christ of wrath. And who dare say that once and again the Church itself has not done the deeds of Antichrist? Of course this is only one part of the story. There is another part of golden loveliness and radiant beauty. But quite apart from this there is something the matter with the picture. As you gaze at it—tense with a realization of its awful power—you come to know beyond the peradventure of a doubt just

where the picture is fatally wrong. You see quite clearly and finally that a Christ of hate can never save the world. You turn from those lurid, bitter, terrible eyes and with an almost too dramatic suddenness in your heart you confront the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He was struck. He did not strike back again. He was hated. He did not return hate for hate. There was not enough wickedness in the world to take the love out of his heart and to put hate in its place. And because he could not and would not become the Christ of hate, he became morally and spiritually the most creative force in all the world. Strangely enough after you have looked at the Dartmouth mural you realize this all the more clearly. Perhaps it is only when you have looked hate in the eye that you have a new and startled sense of what love is. The world is full of hate. And hate produces more hate. The masters of hate who have no love in their hearts can never deliver mankind from its sad estate. It is love—the deathless splendor of ethical love—which saves the world.

It is of more than passing importance to remark that many fine and earnest men have come upon failure just at this point. At

some moment when they scarcely knew what was happening their love turned into hate. Many a brave reformer has gone to shipwreck on this rock. He would have been surprised to learn that he had come to live by his hates. He would have been surprised to learn that his only love was the love of hating. And perhaps he has vaguely wondered why with all his passionate earnestness his words and his work seemed to come upon such strange frustration. This may have driven him to bitter anger and more bitter hatreds. In the flaming fires and the wild experience of revolution he came to hope to find fulfilment—but the only possible fulfilment was the apotheosis of Hate.

It should at once be said—and it is well to modulate into a lower key—that the creative power of love does not always express itself in obvious excitement. But for all ennobling and enriching things there must be this power. The mathematician's quiet sense of intellectual satisfaction has the glow of a love of truth in it. And even if a man's ideal is like Paul Shorey's—cool and stainless and ineffably quiet—there must be in Dr. Shorey's own words "the passionate pursuit of passionless perfection." And so in the whole

length of mental and moral and spiritual achievement there is always the propulsive power of a potent devotion.

A rich and potential emotional life is in a profound sense an expression of inner vitality. Of course, like all other vitality it may be used nobly and wisely or ignobly and foolishly. But its force and its significance are not to be underestimated because it can be misused.

Perhaps you can remember a good many years ago going for a mountain climb with a good friend. You came to a great stone with a crevice running through it. And in the crevice a little green sprig was coming up. Perhaps you said to your friend: "What a pity that the seed dropped into that crevice with the stone all about it! What chance has the little plant to live?" Twenty years later you happened to have an afternoon of mountain climbing with the same friend over the same old trail. You remembered the stone and the twig. But to your surprise the stone had been pushed back. The crevice had enlarged, and you found a massive tree standing where the tiny twig had been. The life in the tree was more powerful than the dead mass of the stone. We can misuse

emotions terribly, but the emotional fire at the heart of love, that is the very essence of life. If we miss that we may think that we are emancipated. We may reduce all experience to dealing with the measurable by means of instruments of precision, but the real meaning of life has slipped through our fingers and escaped. We must transcend measurements and instruments of precision in order to find the real meaning of life. A great sonnet writer may have taken eggs and bacon and muffins and coffee for breakfast. You can measure all that and there are instruments by means of which you can measure its relation to his physical organism. By and by when all the breakfast has been digested, the poet uses his new strength to write a sonnet. And it turns out to be one of the great sonnets of the world. Can you account for the sonnet in terms of bacon and eggs and muffins and coffee? Not at all. There are subtle features of intelligence brought to a white fire of noble emotion which can never be submitted to the instruments of precision which enter into the creation of a sonnet. So it is with poetry and so it is with life. Newton picking up pebbles on the beach turns his mighty mind from the measurable aspects of

the universe which he knew so well to the vast imponderable mystery beyond the power of measurement. Within man and without there is that before which he stands in awe and then in kindled and creative emotion. And even the measurable when it is controlled by free intelligence enters a realm where the mind which does the controlling is all the while doing its work at the place where thought and purpose and feeling meet. So thought and purpose blaze with vital energy.

II

All this helps us to see why the gracious abstractions which leave the heart cold lack in practical and living power in the exigencies of life. Men cannot live by gracious abstractions alone. Indeed they cannot live by abstractions at all. Matthew Arnold's force not ourselves which makes for righteousness in the very nature of the case cannot be a substitute for God. We use a fascinating phrase when we talk about the forces of the universe which move in an idealistic direction. But how cold this leaves us in the presence of any moral or spiritual problem! Words have a bad habit of playing tricks upon us, and there are no more deceptive

words than those which attempt to carry idealistic meaning apart from conscious intelligence. There is never a thought without a thinker. There is never an ideal without a consciousness in which the ideal is held. To talk about these things apart from any mind, human or divine, is really just to talk nonsense. If you substitute a tendency to concretion for "Our Father" in the Lord's Prayer, you have completely emasculated that ancient cry for God. At this point the insight of unsophisticated intelligence is clear and sound. The whole method by which moral and spiritual hopes are reduced to abstractions and to formulas is essentially unsound. This is why true religion so gloriously transfigures ethics. For now the ethical principle is alive in the divine life, vibrant in the divine voice, and rich and glowing with all the power of the divine personality. The whole world changes when we see a principle looking out of human eyes. And that is just what happens in Jesus Christ. The moral law can only come to flower as it becomes personal.

There is an enormous amount of contemporary preaching which is quite impotent because it stops just short of the personal.

It is only when a thought becomes somebody's thought that it begins to be a living power. Even Plato's World of Ideas must become personal or at last become impotent. The man who has only an abstraction to which to pray will find his religious experience becoming thinner and thinner until at last it fades entirely away. A nineteenth-century skeptic has told us of the awful cold which seemed to settle on the whole universe on the night when he felt that he had completely lost the Great Companion. We may talk glibly about phrases and about formulas. But the call of the heart of man for the great companion is rooted in the very deepest things in the life of the universe. You simply cannot silence that tremendous cry. Let us be honest by all means. If we cannot believe in a conscious living God let us say so in all honesty. But we should not deceive ourselves into thinking that anything very important will be left to bear the name of religion after the dethronement of a personal God. And certainly only by an unethical subterfuge can we retain the word God to describe an impersonal abstraction after we have put a conscious God out of all our thought. It is a rather petty and a very pathetic thing to

watch men trying to keep the feelings of theism after their belief has gone.

At this point someone is probably inclined to raise a wholly artificial issue by suggesting that those who follow such processes of thought as I have been indicating are guilty of wishful thinking. This objection sounds impressive until the moment when one begins to think critically about it. Then it proves indeed a two-edged sword. Wishful thinking! Does anyone know a single invention in the whole long and distinguished history of inventions which is not the result of wishful thinking. Without wishful thinking the airplane, the automobile, the instruments of reception and transmission through radio activity, the telegraph, the telephone, and the steam engine would never have existed. Men do wishful thinking and then they keep working until their wish comes true. That is the whole history of inventions. Indeed it is wishful thinking which makes the whole difference between barbarity and civilization. At the suggestion of every advance in civilized life, some doubter has cried in effect: "No, that cannot be done. It is the result of wishful thinking." But the heroic fighter for a better life for man is not even disturbed

by the objection. He keeps working until he turns a "can't be done" into a "has been done." From the code of Hammurabi, through the code of Justinian on to the code of Napoleon every great system of jurisprudence has been the result of wishful thinking. It ought to be possible to unite men upon a broader basis of the observance of law. Men wish to do it. They set about doing it. And finally they succeed. All the achievements in the field of literature and art are the result of wishful thinking. Men have a great desire to make words into verbal music. And however guttural and impossible the language, they keep working at the task until they have taught their native tongue to sing. Every great statue has been a wishful dream before it was cut out of marble. Every great painting has been a wish before it became an achievement. All the achievements of science indicate that the universe is on the side of the men who have wanted to find order in the world. The laboratory simply reeks with wishful thinking. Of course all this wishful thinking must meet successfully very real and searching tests. But the very point is that in science and in civilization and even in political life these tests have been met success-

fully. Nothing really important has ever happened in the world without wishful thinking. When a man begins to want to fly you would better be watching. It may be necessary to keep watching for centuries. But by and by he will, it is probable, actually fly. I remember one day flying for fifty miles above fleecy white clouds bright and beautiful in the sunshine. It was a glorious experience. But it would have been quite impossible if someone had not done very wishful thinking.

You may call the deepest cries of the soul the expression of wishful thinking. But even in nature they are somehow honored. A brilliant friend of mine used to tell of watching a tiny bird restlessly moving in the reeds while all his mates flew south. Someone would ask what all the wild flight meant and what was meant by the restlessness of the bird which was left behind. The reply came quickly: "Winter is coming. Some deep instinct sends all these birds flying south." "But why does not this bird fly with his mates?" "Because though he has the instinct for flight he has no wings." There would be a long pause when my friend told his story. Then he would ask with vivid impressiveness:

"But did you ever see a bird which had the instinct for flight and had no wings?"

III

We may face quite frankly then the necessity of our believing in a personal God without whom there could be no love in religion. If a man is a great believer in life he must believe in that which gives life significance and beauty and the possibility of great and noble achievement. He must believe in the call of the mind for a mind greater than its own. He must believe in the call of the will for a will greater than its own. He must believe in the call of the conscience for a moral authority greater than its own. He must believe in the call of the heart for a heart greater than its own. When you believe in wishful thinking tested by a realistic facing of facts and a powerful making of facts, you are turning your back not on civilization but on savagery. Wishful thinking is your magna charta for intellectual adventure and moral advance and spiritual attainment. And if you tell me that my desire for fellowship with a personal God is wishful thinking, I reply that the universe where the instinct for flight and wings go together is a universe where the in-

stinct for God and its fulfilment in fellowship with the Great Companion also fit together. When great hopes rise from our heart of hearts, we are like sailors on good old clipper ships. We are on the high seas. There is a clear strong breeze. There is a port to win. And a good stout ship. And never doubt there is a God who can hear and understand.

One passes through a very curious process of development in respect of these matters. As the years go on the questions which have to do with God become increasingly insistent and increasingly urgent. At first the world is so full of a number of things. The very tremendous variety of the experience life offers comes with a glamorous suggestion of richness to impatient youth. And in the ripest development it remains true as James Lane Allen said of a gracious old lady, that as we grow older we draw the ties of life more closely about us, but it is also true that the matter of the Great Companion comes at last to seem somehow the heart of every experience, the soul of every question, and is all the while coming in upon us from every direction. If some people begin by thinking that God does not matter, the time comes when

only God seems to matter, because everything else that matters finds its security in him.

It is very curious that certain types of speculation have been characterized by the feeling that you can only make God great by making him less than man. It is at least difficult to see how God is more divine if he is unconscious, more a Deity if he is incapable of thought or decision or personal action. Whenever we become so concerned about the glory of God that we make him subhuman for fear that he will be less than divine, we have done a thing which seems to indicate the complete lack of critical intelligence. A greatness which makes God less than man is simply no greatness at all. His consciousness may be, and doubtless is, more ample than ours, but conscious he must be. His thoughts may be vast beyond our conception, but they must include our thoughts. A God who cannot understand finite minds purchases his infinity at too great a cost. The volitions of God must of course be vast and potent beyond our imagining, but they must include every process that we call decision. The God who fails to reach in sympathetic understanding manward is incapable of drawing men with compelling power Godward. It

will never do to allow any sort of clever and subtle intellectual tricks, under whatever stately name of philosophical sanctions, to rob us of a God who can hear and heed, who can understand and comprehend us in our difficult human lives. The God who can think our thoughts after us can draw us with ineffable power to think his thoughts after him. The mental processes by which we emasculate God are perhaps the strangest example of that faith unfaithful which makes men falsely true. When we rob God of eyes because he is too great to see, when we rob him of ears because he is too great to hear, when we rob God of a heart because he is too great to feel, we have done a strange and incredible thing. Of course we are using the words eyes and ears and heart here as symbols of divine power, and not as literal representations of that which pertains to a divine organism. Against all comers we must maintain the position that you do not honor God by taking away from him everything that could possibly give significance even to the divine life.

So at length a man comes to what we may really say is more than Professor Santayana's "soul's invincible surmise." With a

kind of indubitable authenticity he senses the presence of that Great Other in and through whom and with whom he has all his being. The Great Companion is the one supreme fact of life. To have commerce with that mighty other one is the supreme business of life. It is he who cries: "Son of man, stand on thy feet, and I will speak to thee." It is he who whispers into prophet's ears words which make it possible for him to say: "The Lion hath roared; who will not fear? The Lord Jehovah hath spoken; who can but prophesy?" It is he who makes it possible for his servant to say: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." It is this Great Person, and he alone, who can be the author of the Evangel which wins men's hearts.

IV

All this is the beginning. But it is far from the end. It is the foundation. But it is far from being the edifice. From what God is we must go on to what God does. And it is the mighty acts of God which draw us with cords of love which we simply cannot escape. It is the adventurous God who completely captures the allegiance of man.

You may think of mighty racial movements when men are driven forth by their insatiable thirst for new experiences and fuller life; you may think of the mighty leaders who have tied men to them with hooks of steel as they set forth to do great deeds. You may think of all the daring pioneers. You may think of the climbers of mountains and the sailors of seas. You may think of all the Drakes doing daring deeds upon all the oceans. And when you have seen all these human adventurers how they strike a note which hints of something larger and vaster and mightier than itself. From the adventurous men you must turn to the adventurous God. He is the Hero of the One Great Saga. He is the Soul of the Adventure which is human life itself.

Think of the adventure of creation. How all human adventures pale before that! Think of the daring adventure which set the universe going, which set life going, which set the human mind going. What risks! What glorious expectation! What incredible faith!

But the adventure of God only begins with the great act of creation. His perpetual support of the world, his perpetual upbuilding of life, his perpetual activity as he presides over

the ways of destiny—all this constant care of the Providence of God constitutes an adventure daily renewed. God is always in action in the world which he has made. He is always in action in the lives which he has made. He is always in action in the minds which he has made. So he is indeed closer to us than our breathing. And he is nearer to us than hands or feet. And this perpetual adventure of providential care comes to man as the most gracious and beautiful thing. He feels upheld by everlasting arms. He feels that the care of God changes the world from a place of terrible loneliness to a nest over-arched by sheltering wings. A new rest and quiet come to his heart as he thinks of the care of God.

But the adventure of God goes on to greater and more climactic matters. He cannot keep out of suffering. He cannot keep away from the tragedy of sin. He cannot leave men lonely in the hour of death. He cannot be content with a guidance of life which avoids the most intimate contact with all the bitterness of man's sad and evil way. So comes the Incarnation. So God enters human life. So comes the great answer to our awed and curious question: *Cur Deus Homo?*

So God crosses the chasm between the divine and the human and meets us on the level of our own life. So God speaks to us with human life. He looks out on the world through human eyes. He goes about work in the world with human hands. He walks the highways with human feet. He feels the throb of a human heart. He enters human life at a definite time in a definite place and so the eternal comes into the temporal and the timeless becomes articulate in the very life of time. "He who was in the form of God and did not regard equality with God as a prize to be snatched, emptied himself and became in fashion as a man." Here is the most tremendous adventure in all the universe, the adventure of God entering the life of man in all the actuality of the Incarnation. This it is which sweeps in upon a man, shatters his defenses, and captures his heart. This it is which Francis Thompson put into immortal poetry in "The Hound of Heaven." The divine pursuit at last reaches man in his farthest and loneliest lair. The God who comes to us in this never-ending and eager quest is the God who makes religion a thing whose glory fills the earth. There is something tender, wistful, and infinitely lovely

about the thought of man's quest for God. There is something as splendid and ample as the incoming tide about the thought of God's quest for man. As we rise to an understanding of it and fill our hearts with the wonder of it, we make the great surrender with a childlike faith in a love which casts out fear.

Standing at night on a roof in Jerusalem, with the Syrian stars so near, one can fairly hear the echo of those footsteps which resounded in Jerusalem and then went out on all the highways of men. The little city on the heights has passed through the strangest of adventures and the most dark and bitter days and nights of tragedy. But it is one thing and one thing alone which makes this city more alive than any bustling modern metropolis. This was His city in the days of His flesh. This is the very town which has given validity to the great word that God has indeed dealt among us.

With a spacious gesture here and an easy phrase there we have a fashion of giving away the very things which give significance to life. Dull and decadent days, complacent in their intellectual vacuity, emasculate the great creeds and empty great words of their meaning. In the great ages it is hard to find

words vast enough to contain the rich meanings which give wonder to life. But in lesser days of lesser men, our vocabulary suddenly becomes too great for us. Then we have to choose whether we will enlarge our lives to fit our vocabulary, or whether we will cause our vocabulary to shrink in order that it may fit our lives. The religion of the Incarnation speaks the language of great-hearted men in great-hearted days. We need not rethink our religion in the terms of pigmies. We may by the grace of God relive our religion until at last we begin to discover its height and depth and length and breadth. It is better to set our sails to catch God's gales than to choose the overquiet security of tiny inland seas.

V

The real climax, however, is yet to come. It is the message of the suffering God which wins eternally the heart of this strange creature man. If there is no cross in the heart of God there will always be an empty place in the human heart. Euripides tells how Artemis poised for a moment over the trembling form of a dying devotee and then flew away, for no dweller on Olympus can witness physical death. The documents of our religion tell

of a God who tasted death for every man. And here is all the difference. Now you know why Greek religion died and you know why Christianity lived. The religion of the suffering God holds the heart of man securely.

Thomas Mott Osborne at the beginning of his strange career as prison reformer, spent a week in Auburn prison wearing the stripes and in every way living the life of a convict. There was one particularly hard and cold-blooded criminal who stood watching one day as Mr. Osborne went about some particularly unlovely prison task. He knew that Mr. Osborne came into this world of bitter experience from the full and ample life of a man of wealth and of high social position. And as he saw him wearing the stripes and making the ugly lot of prisoners his own, and unflinchingly setting about the most menial of tasks, a lump came into his throat. His resistance was broken down. Into that old, cynical heart there came the conviction that there was unselfish kindness and willingness to bear ugly burdens in a world which for years he had thought of as a place where men contended, with utterly unscrupulous selfishness, birds of prey every one.

Years ago I had a pastorate in a city on the Atlantic seaboard. I was particularly interested in one home where an able teacher and his cultivated wife and their two children lived what seemed a particularly satisfactory life. The little son, however, was attacked by a subtle tuberculosis of the bone. Physicians and surgeons failed to help him. Operations brought no hopeful result. I came home from my summer vacation to find the little lad near the end of the journey. He was gallantly fighting like the high-spirited little gentleman he was, but often he was in much pain. One evening I was in the home sitting in the living-room with the father. In a tiny room adjoining the lad made the motions of playing with some mechanical toy. But it was very evident that he was silently suffering. The father, who was a reserved man not at all given to speech about personal matters, gently closed the door opening upon the room where his little son was manipulating the mechanical toy. Then he turned to me with a strange fire in his eye. "Do you know, I cannot stand this much longer," he said. "I do not pretend to have lived a perfect life. If Almighty God wants to hit me straight and hard, I will take it like a man. But I cannot

stand up and watch that little boy of mine suffer." And I could feel that his hands were clenched. A little later the young son came to the end of his short life. And one afternoon I stood in that home where a very few friends had gathered to say any real word which could be said to that father and mother. And was there any word to say? Very frankly, unless God himself had known suffering, there was no deep and important word to say. But what did I say? I read the great words of Paul: "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not freely give us all things." And very quietly and very simply I told that father of another Father—the Great Father of all—who had felt his own life pierced with infinite agony as he watched his son suffer. You can trust a suffering God. You can accept from him for yourself and even for those most dear to you the strange and bitter cup of pain. You do not try to have a philosophy of it all. But you know that back of the pierced hands of Jesus is the pierced heart of God. And in awed and healing silence you can pass with him through the most bitter way of pain. So that afternoon long ago a quiet, all suffused with something too subtle to rest in

the power of mere words, came to those friends of mine bowed under the weight of sorrow.

But the story of the suffering God goes beyond the ways of pain into the darker and more devious ways of sin and guilt. A great American novelist once wrote a penetrating tale of a strong and lovely lady who married a man weak of will and evasive in the presence of life's profounder meanings. For years they lived together. At last one night, a completely shamed and broken man, he came home to tell her that he was a thief, that it could be hidden no longer, that he would be carried off to prison. His wife was very still for a moment. Then she said: "Since you and I have done this thing we will meet its consequences together." The effect was electric. "But you did not do it," he replied in tones tense and drawn. "You could not have done it." There was a pause, then he went on: "I have never been worthy of you. I ought never to have married you. Now keep out of this thing." His wife looked up at him with deep and brooding eyes. "Is it possible," she said, "that we have lived together all of these years and you have never learned that my love for you is so deep that what you

do is my deed too? No, I repeat, since you and I have done this thing let us meet its consequences together." Something snapped in the man, and it was the beginning of his regeneration.

And so God comes to us with a love that will not let us go, standing on our side of the gulf, claiming the responsibility for our sin, getting under the weight of our guilt. We cry out against it. It is unfair. It is impossible. He belongs to the realm of pure and perfect things. We belong to the world defiled by sin. But he silences us with a word: "Have you never understood that my love for you is such that your deed becomes my deed too?" And he picks up our burden and goes staggering up that strange hill of pain called Golgotha to the place where a cross is waiting.

The worst thing sin and selfishness does to us is to push us off into terrible and tragic loneliness. But just as its congealing despair seizes us we hear a voice. We are not alone. Someone is with us. We do not dare to look at his face. But we see marks upon his hands and we recognize him. And we cry: "How did you ever get here? You with your stainless life? You with your perfect soul? You

do not belong in this place of bitter isolation. Cannot one even go to hell without finding you beside him?" We know now that even when we make our bed in the hell of selfishness he follows us there. And we listen with new understanding to the words: "God so loved the world . . . he gave his only begotten son." We cannot resist any longer. We throw open the doors of our tragically sad and selfish hearts and the love of God comes in as the God of love stoops to pass beneath our portals. This is the Evangel which wins the heart. We now have the meaning of the words which tell us that neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Really you cannot reduce life to any forms which leave these great matters out of sight. There are aspects of life which can be measured. There are aspects of life which can be reduced to mathematical formulas. But when you pass through the high walls of the great temple, this vast architecture conforming perfectly to mathematical laws, you come at last to a Holy of Holies. And there you

find the transcendent splendor of the God of ethical love.

The central experience of transcendent emotion with which one realizes these things reaches beyond itself. It convinces the mind. It reinforces the conscience. It builds the will into steellike strength. And at last the whole organism of life feels the quickening energies of the tremendous experience. But however varied the impact and however far-reaching the power of this dynamic experience, it is at the very place where its fullest meaning is revealed as a flash of fire from the heart of God to the heart of man. And our sophistication has served us very badly if with all the subtle finesse which it has brought to our lives it has made us incapable of responding with immediate and honest simplicity to the love of God.

LECTURE FIVE

THE EVANGEL WHICH SPEAKS TO THE WHOLE LIFE

IT IS one of the most confusing things in the world to say "either—or" when you ought to say "both—and." We all know the story of the wise blind men who went to see the elephant. The man who caught it by the tail was very sure that an elephant is like a snake. The man who came against its broad side was very sure that an elephant is like a wall. And so on and on with the others. They fell into the most bitter contention at last. Each was unchangeably sure that he was right and that the others were wrong. As a matter of fact each was right and all were wrong. It is rather a precarious business to assert of Christianity that it is not *this*, but it is very emphatically *that*. When so often it turns out to be both this and that. All this is just because Christianity is as large as life. It touches the heights of life. It touches the depths of life. It explores all

circumferences. And it glows at the center. It offers to men the Evangel which speaks to the whole of life.

I

That great seventeenth-century figure, Bishop Launcelot Andrewes, was one of the supreme masters of the things which have to do with the inner life. His *Private Devotions* is more than a religious classic. It is more than a manual rich with all the insights of the men who know the secrets of devotion in all the Christian centuries. It is so searching in its moral surgery, so penetrating in its spiritual understanding, so alive with all that gives the inner life sincerity and power, that it has a place all its own among the books which will introduce men to the wonders of the inner communion. Bishop Andrewes was a great figure in the Court of James I. He had his own place among the translators of the Bible into glowing renaissance prose, chastened by profound Hebrew and Christian feeling. He met great scholars and great statesmen and great thinkers level-eyed. But most of all he was a man whose secret life was lived with the God whose face we see in the face of Jesus Christ. Even the cor-

rupt period during which he lived gains a certain moral and spiritual distinction as he walks the ways of its life, his face shining with the glory which had come to it in lonely marvelous hours in the presence of God.

One of the great friends of Launcelot Andrewes was Francis Bacon. This astonishing man could speak in the House of Commons so that men hung upon his words, and he wrote with a command of the secrets of prose style whose combination of pith and majestic stateliness have given his writings a place all their own. He was a politician the very subtlety of whose ways both built up and destroyed the edifice of his practical success. Elizabeth seems always to have distrusted him. But under James he rose to the dizzy heights and fell with a resounding repercussion as when a great tree falls in the forest. He paid verbal tribute to the inner aspects of religion. But all his interest was in the material and the external. He was all for mastering nature to secure a more ample and comfortable life for man. He was the first great prophet of that messianic naturalism which has almost ruined the modern world. His inner life was crumbling at the very moment when he would have organized all

knowledge of material things for the making of a world which would be the basis for every satisfaction connected with ample and prosperous life. If Francis Bacon could have had an inner character like that of Launcelot Andrewes, and if Launcelot Andrewes could have put his character in command of external forces as Francis Bacon tried to do, and if the two of them each completed by the other could have been put in command of the England of James the first, what a difference it would have made in the history of the whole modern world.

It cannot be said too urgently that when Christianity speaks its full message it transforms both the inner life and the outer activity. To be sure there are individual men whose vocation it is to deal with the inner rather than the outer. And there are individual men whose vocation it is to deal with the outer rather than the inner. But only when the sanctions of the Christian religion dominate both types is the world moving toward safety. And there is always the glorious ideal of that man whose inner life is as rich and amply Christian as his outer activity, and whose outer activity is all shot through by Christian purpose and by Chris-

tian power. It is probably not too much to say of William E. Gladstone that he never did a thing as a statesman which was unrelated to his purpose as a Christian, and while this by no means insured the correctness of his judgment, it did help to produce a new atmosphere in British politics. Sir William Robertson Nicholl did not put the matter too strongly when at the time of Gladstone's death he declared that the Great Commoner had so lived and worked as to help to keep the soul alive in England.

It is the very genius of Christianity to draw together things whose tendency it is to fall apart. The shrewd sagacity which characterizes the man whose *métier* it is to deal with men in large relationships does not easily connect itself with the almost awful simplicity of the saint in the presence of God. If you take one of Francis Bacon's brightest sentences—"You ought to treat every friend as if he may become an enemy, and you ought to treat every enemy as if he may become a friend"—it is easy to admire its flash of worldly sagacity. But it is impossible to think of Launcelot Andrewes as the author of that sentence.

On the other hand if you take this char-

acteristic utterance of Launcelot Andrewes—"Take away from me that which I have made, let that which Thou hast made remain in use," or "Let not my wickedness destroy that thy goodness hath redeemed"—you see how far all this is from the movement of the mind of Francis Bacon.

Gamaliel Bradford, whose mind did not cease to be essentially secular because all his life was spent in such study and reflection and writing as numberless hours of suffering permitted, confesses in one of his letters that he was quite baffled as he came to study Phillips Brooks. Even when he studies Saint Francis you feel that he brings the shrewd and gentle cynicism with which he judges him from a world in which Saint Francis did not live.

But the difficulty of the task of combining the inner communion with outer action does not make just this consummation any less urgent. It is indeed imperative. To create the inner experience which moves from the heart to the hand is the very nature of the Christian religion.

A word must perhaps be said about that most unlovely person who knows the vocabulary of the inner life and uses the garments

of sanctity to secure admission to places where he acts with motives of unabashed secularity and often of unmitigated selfishness. In every age there have lived men who knew that a reputation for sainthood has political value. They have done something dark and terrible to the minds of men. Their misuse of the vocabulary of devotion has robbed the very words they have turned to their own uses of the moral and spiritual dignity and power which belonged to them. If hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, it is a very expensive and devastating tribute. The man who uses spiritual currency for secular and selfish ends can scarcely be conscious of the havoc for which he is responsible.

As one looks upon the figure of Alfred the Great and the Good, one is all the while conscious of a piety deep and rich and sincere and of a life of action deeply suffused and entirely dominated by his motives as a Christian. Divorce proceedings between the inner and the outer life can only be instituted at the cost of the gravest peril to each. The end of the whole process is destructive to both.

II

Another contrast which deserves more

critical inspection than it has ever received is that between the individual and society. The moment we begin thinking closely and clearly we discover that we have assumed the distinction altogether too naïvely. A new discussion of the old battleground between Nominalism and Realism might greatly help us here. We have a curious way of fighting for a century or so over the matter of clarifying some great issue and then forgetting the very insight which has been so costly and so difficult of attainment. We use words expressing classes with singular and uncritical ease. As a matter of fact there is no conscious entity which bears the name society. There are only the individuals who compose society. Society does not think. Only the individual members of society think. Society does not feel. Only the individual members of society feel. Society does not speak. Only the individual members of society speak. Society does not act. Only the individual members of society act. A law is a meaningless abstraction until it is held in the mind of an individual man. As a clever person once said: "No law ever arrested anybody. You must have a policeman." What we call social action must be conceived by individuals and it must be car-

ried out by individuals. To lose ourselves in abstractions when we deal with these things is to break every contact with actuality, and to lose all connection with the real.

The Evangel which speaks to the whole life is a message which takes account of just this situation. It speaks to the individual as one concerned with the harmonizing and the completion of his own life. It has a final and decisive word to say to the individual as an individual.

But each individual is one of many. And the hope of each of the many is the socialization of the mind of each one of the other individuals. When a man is thinking of himself he is dealing with that which is very important. But when he begins to think of the other selves he has made a great moral and social and spiritual advance. All the deep social events in the history of the world have come from minds which have transcended the one self who does the thinking in order to consider the other selves with whom he has to deal.

The first great gift a man can make to society is to become the sort of person who can be trusted to deal with the interests of the other selves with whom he has to do. Every

social formula succeeds or fails at this point. No society is ever better than the men who compose it. Every formula, however carefully framed, can be corrupted by corrupt men. The trouble with the social utopias which we accept so uncritically is that no one of them will be better than the men who put them into action. To put our faith in a social formula and forget the character of the men who are to put it into operation is just about the most absurd thing in all the world. Christianity never forgets this. The true and adequate Christian thinker always remembers the individual nexus in social action.

But while no social formula is ever better than the men who enforce it, some social formulas are in their very nature full of danger to the individuals who make up the human society. The great problem is to have human controls not only put into effect by unselfish men, but to have the very process of control such as sets free the full meaning of the life of all the individuals who make up the groups. Our ordinary process of thought makes us sharply aware of the inconsistencies and incongruities characteristic of the life of which we are a part. Then we tend to be quite uncritical and romantic about the method of so-

cial organization upon which we fix our hopes. Most earnest and zestful radicals are coolly critical in their analysis of the present régime (the capitalistic order and the profit motive) and entirely and naïvely romantic and uncritical in their analysis of the form of social organization which they would put in its place.

To true Christianity there are no forgotten men. There are no forgotten women. There are no forgotten children. Of every type of action in which individuals have expressed their life together, Christianity asks, what did it do to every man and woman and child who made up the group? It praises the good. It condemns the evil. It comes to judgment with an Ithuriel's spear.

But it comes also with a deep and sad insight at one important point. A good environment never makes a good man. And a bad environment never forces the central citadel of a man's life so that he becomes evil in his intention. The perpetual fallacy of the men and women who think first and last and all the time of environment is that they forget that Socrates had his Alcibiades, and even Jesus had his Judas.

It is of course tremendously important to

do all we can to produce a good environment physically and intellectually, morally and spiritually. But it is most important not to expect too much from that environment. The sources of character are far deeper. The prophets of environment are always characterized by a certain ethical superficiality.

The Evangel which speaks to the whole life works at deeper levels. It prevents evil environment from doing its dark work. It does for men in good environment what that environment alone could never do. And without having any messianic expectation in respect of good environment, it does more to produce a noble environment than any other force in all the world.

III

There are a number of ways in which we can think of the Church. We may regard it as consisting of all baptized persons. We may regard it as consisting of those who have become sharers in that experience of the new life which as Savior and Lord Jesus has made possible. We may think of it as consisting of those who have made Jesus' way of life their own. In a way the various conceptions play about the distinction between the visible

church and the invisible church, meaning just now by this distinction those on the one hand who participate in the rites of the church and on the other those who have made its vitalities their own through personal acceptance of the Grace of God. The deeper and more inward conception is of course the one of truest validity and of actual permanence. It is the Great Evangel then which, duly accepted and truly appropriated, becomes the creator of the Christian Church.

But right at this point emerges another contrast. At first the Church was an insignificant minority—if not a hopeless minority—in the life of the State. In a way this simplified its responsibility. Its first demand of the State was just that it be allowed to live its own clean, pure high life uncorrupted by the evils which infested the State. But by and by it came to hold the balance of power, by and by it constituted a force holding the power belonging to a majority. And at last it represented a force which was strong enough to control the State. It was the set of problems involved in this situation which lay back of Dante's famous work *De Monarchia*, and it was this situation which lay behind the doctrine of the two Swords.

Without attempting a wide historical survey, we may come directly to the question of the relation of the Church as the body of those who possess the new life in Christ to the State of which they are a part and which is sometimes tempted to claim absolute authority over them. What is the relation of the Great Evangel which speaks to the whole life to the life of the State? What (to select an acute question) is the relation of the Church to the totalitarian State?

If the Church is really the creation of the Great Evangel, if it really consists of those who share in the new life in Christ, or if we may at least declare that its authority comes from that new life at work in the world, it is easy to see that the Church is the perpetual representative of the Eternal in the midst of Time, of the Timeless splendor of the life of God in the midst of the transient events of these passing centuries.

The Church confronts the State. During its history it has confronted the State in many forms. What are the claims of the Church as it stands in the presence of the State? What are the demands of the Church as it confronts the State?

The reply may be put in a few incisive

words: The Church co-operates with whatever is good in the State. The Church condemns whatever is evil in the State. It always comes with the dual relation. It comes as friend. It comes as judge. It is the friend giving reinforcement in respect of every good thing in the life of the State. It is the judge relentlessly condemning the evil.

There is one institution which must tower above the wrecks of time. It transcends the temporal. It never gives itself entirely to the temporal. So it has been with primitive forms of life. So it has been with Feudalism. So it has been with Monarchy. So it was with Democracy. At first Democracy was thought of as a messianic form for the life of the State. But it has clearly appeared that even with respect to democracy the Church must be judge as well as friend. And so it will always be. There is no messianic form for that human institution the State. And the newer forms very explicitly represent this situation in an acute form. Fascism desperately needs the Church in its office as judge. The Nazi régime needs nothing so much as the Church as judge. And the Socialist Soviet Republics of Russia might be saved for a nobler form of life if the Church

were present in all its judicial power. All the theories of the organization of the life of the State with which we play represent the same requirement. One great institution must confront every type of State with the mighty claim that it comes in the name of God to judge the State. The terrible egoisms, the incredible repressions of the individual life, the pseudoidealistic megalomania of the totalitarian State wait for the tremendous work of the Church with God's word of judgment upon its lips.

Christianity must never be confused with any form of State organization. Christianity is not Socialism in action. Christianity is not Communism in action. Christianity is not Fascism in action. It finds good in every organization of the State. With that good it is ready to co-operate. It finds evil in every organization of the State. And that evil it condemns in the name of the Most High God.

The man who would use the Church merely to secure political ends—however much of an idealist he is in framing these ends—simply misunderstands the nature of the Church. It dare not surrender the lonely loftiness of its position as the one institution in the world

which judges all the institutions of men—even the State—in the name of God.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court included in its discussion of the issues involved in the case under consideration, claims which seemed to indicate that this Republic allows certain privileges to Christians if it allows them at all as a matter of grace on the part of the State, and not as a matter of right on the part of the Christians. Such a claim—if such a claim was involved in the extraordinary words used by a certain justice—cannot for a moment be allowed. To a Christian Jesus Christ is the supreme authority. And if the commands of Jesus Christ are ever contradicted by any State, the Christian knows where he stands.

If the Church does not try to dictate the form of the State, the State must never attempt to command the supreme loyalty of the Christian. Jesus Christ always comes first. The Evangel which speaks to the whole life does not give to a man a secondary loyalty.

IV

The individual state has complex and difficult and baffling and perplexing relations to the rest of the world. Does the Great Evan-

gel have any final and decisive word to say about the relations of the various parts of the world? Does the Great Evangel prescribe the duties of a sovereign state to the rest of the world? Does it give to the Church a set of sanctions which the Church must try to maintain? Does its very gift of new life to men—a life shared by men of every other race and nation—create a fellowship which has significance for every state in its relation to every other state? In respect of each of these questions the answer must be in the affirmative. The Christian religion cannot be the ally of the selfishly imperialistic State as it attempts to crush other states and at last to master the world.

Indeed historically in all sorts of ways the Church has ameliorated the hard and cruel selfishness of the imperialistic State. It has already helped to create a world opinion which is the greatest foe of the ruthless oppressions of the strong land which would crush weak and helpless lands. It may seem that only a beginning has been made but it is a tremendous beginning.

Of course the questions involved in these matters are of almost intolerable difficulty. The difficulty is illustrated in respect of the

obvious imperialistic plans of the Japanese Empire. There are friendly gestures toward the people of Japan which all eager Christians would like to make which can easily be twisted by an interpretation which will play into the hands of the militaristic party. It is a complicated world in which we live. But even if our judgment may be put to almost too bitter a test, our purpose of good for all mankind—the last, the lowest, the least, the most underprivileged—must be kept clear and sure. And the expression of this purpose on the part of the Church must be as unmistakable as it can be made.

There is another side of the whole matter, however, which requires some consideration. The nation—every nation—achieves a corpus of really noble quality, a culture with elements shining with golden value. No gregarious enthusiasm for the whole human race which is disloyal to the real and true and permanent elements in any national culture is a Christian attitude. It is not by being disloyal to real values that we learn to be loyal to other fine values. The cosmopolitan, who has become incapable of being a patriot, will find that at last very ignoble elements will enter into his cosmopolitanism. One instrument

in an orchestra would not improve the quality of the whole orchestra by ceasing to be itself and trying to be another instrument. The wind instruments cannot do the work of the violins. Our larger loyalties include our smaller loyalties. They do not repudiate them.

The new life which the Great Evangel brings suffuses all life with a new spirit. It helps to bring the State to its best and richest life. It helps to make the State an asset and not a liability to the life of the whole world.

V

There is no area alien to the Evangel which speaks to the whole life. In various ways it makes itself felt, but always in ways which have in them secrets of transformation. The world of art and the world of letters may at first seem entirely apart from the sanctions which blaze at the heart of the Great Evangel. But in truth a lawless art and a lawless literature may poison the life of a whole city and go far to ruin the life of a whole country. When it was possible for a brilliant critic to describe a current American novel as "an explosion in a cesspool" the situation clearly required some definite inspection of

the moral, social, and spiritual responsibilities of art. The truth is that the art and the literature which do not give their right place to goodness and truth and to moral and spiritual beauty have betrayed art itself. You cannot isolate life in compartments and having created an irresponsible creative activity proceed to call it art without playing fast and loose with the very sanctions upon which permanent beauty depends. There is such a thing, as a distinguished critic has said, as a worm's-eye view of the universe. And the authors who turn the eyes of men into the eyes of worms are not even good artists. Aristotle was gloriously right when he made a universal principle expressed in a temporal situation the very essence of true tragedy. If you are not meeting universal principles you are always dealing with literature and art on low levels. The true artist views all life honestly and candidly but he views it in the light of principles as eternal as the life of God himself. This it is which makes Dante's *Divine Comedy* immortal. The whole experience of life which the Great Evangel makes possible opens new vistas before literature and all the arts. The greatest of the cathedrals of the world have nobly realized

these possibilities. A cathedral at its best is actually Christianity in stone. The new life with its glorious spiritual freedom gives just the creative energy to art which art most needs. For art too must enter into the freedom of the sons of God. And with all its stern moral and spiritual mastery, truly Christian art sets such flowers blooming as have never been known in the world before.

The truth is that decadent art above every other need requires cleansing. We have been too complacent when in the name of freedom of expression art claimed the freedom to debauch. Freedom ceases to be a noble thing when it is ignobly used. Those areas of life which are held aloof from moral and spiritual sanctions become centers of decay and corruption. The freedom to rot on center tables is not given to the loveliest flowers. And the freedom to rot in the minds of men is not to be given to any art.

It is only half truths which are really dangerous. The whole truth is intellectually satisfying. The whole truth is morally enriching. The whole truth is spiritually satisfying. We are pleading for a relation between the Great Evangel and the men of art and literature which will release powers of noble

truthtelling such as literature and art have never known before.

A significant amount of art and literature is the expression in aesthetic form of that whose expression in other ways has been inhibited. To a good many people books give an opportunity for vicarious vice and vicarious wickedness. In the long run we become like what we think. And this vicarious indulgence through aesthetic forms is a precarious business. One day we may actually do the things we have so greatly enjoyed as we surrendered ourselves to their presentation in aesthetic form. Some men have libraries which are the literary equivalent of a house of assignation.

It is odd that the fear of artificial and self-conscious propriety should drive so many artists into the arms of evil. As a matter of fact evil is not characterized by such simon pure sincerity as to make it authentically desirable. And it is the very nature of the Great Evangel to saturate goodness with such spontaneous gladness that it finds natural flower in the forms of art. Tell the whole truth about evil and you can never sing about it. Tell the whole truth about goodness and it inevitably turns into a song.

VI

There are a good many men who would be shocked by the idea that the Great Evangel has anything to do with industry or commerce. The worlds of production and transportation and salesmanship, do they not have their own rules and their own laws? And are not the great sanctions of ethical religion an impertinence here? The truth is that the principles represented by ethical religion are so deeply a part of the very structure of life that they are all the while bringing to ruin enterprises which do not conform to their standards. Negatively the Golden Rule is about the most terrible thing in all the world. The sound of the falling of men and institutions is heard all the while. And the whole story is the tale of the revenge of the Golden Rule on those who would not obey it. The World War of 1914-1918 was the greatest negative illustration of the Golden Rule in history. The Great Evangel is all the while making men who can be trusted to keep the Golden Rule. And so while it never becomes the organizer of banks, the promoter of industrial enterprises, the builder of railroads and ocean liners, or the organizer of boards of trade, it offers that without which

all these are sure to be connected with tragic frustration and failure. It releases forces which become a yeast moving throughout the industrial and economic life of man. This restless conscience with which the Christian Church faces the practical business of men is the very soul of the modern world. It is easy to misuse this vast idealism, it is easy to invest this spiritual capital in undeserving enterprises, but when all is said this ceaselessly active source of moral and spiritual demand has already exercised great and undisputed influence, and carries good hope for days to come. There is a disruptive quality about much of man's practical life which we cannot ignore. The corrupting influences are always at work. But the Great Evangel has released among them the greatest influence making for nobler relations in all the practical activities of men. If it is afraid of messianic formulas, it is unhesitating in its condemnation of that which is contrary to the principles and the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Of course there is a patronizing attitude toward the Church on the part of some business men which cannot be tolerated. There is no group of men who can be excused from the practice of humility which Christianity

demands. The word of the great French preacher at the funeral of Louis XIV ought to be printed and placed where every business man can see it every day: "Only God is great." It is only as the kings of commerce are the slaves of God that the world can come upon the days of a better hope. The man who lives for business and patronizes religion has never really heard the message of the Great Evangel.

VII

There is also the Beloved Community. It is already real wherever the Christian Church is real. It has cells wherever men have found the new life in Christ. One cannot too much emphasize this actual existence of the beloved community in the world of today. Its members are found in every communion of the Christian Church, and doubtless some of its members do not belong to any one of the branches of the visible Church. Doubtless too there are members of every communion of the Christian Church who do not belong to the Beloved Community. But it does exist in every age and it is spread throughout the earth. It has one mark and one alone. And that is the possession of that glorious life of

the spirit which the Great Evangel brings. It is indeed the salt of the earth. It is indeed the soul of the world.

To increase the number of the members of this invisible yet real fellowship is the most important task which confronts Christian men today. Everything else depends upon this. No other good end for men can be gloriously and finally successful without this.

But here a question rises which captures our imagination at once. Will the day ever come when the Beloved Community and the political organization of the world will be one? Or to put it in another way, will the time ever come when the Beloved Community will so dominate the life of mankind that in some sense you may think of mankind itself as the Beloved Community.

We will not stop too long with matters of New Testament interpretation especially in respect of Apocalyptic materials. We remind ourselves that all prophecy is conditional, and this is as true of the forward look of the New Testament as of any other materials in the Scriptures. Doubtless a great social consummation of Christian victory is within the purview of the New Testament writers. And the various strands and the various points of

view to be found in the weaving of the tapestry of the great hope fittingly represent the richness and variety of human life and the manifold possibilities which lie within the control of human choice. There may be a world-wide victory of the Beloved Community. It is within the reach of man's achievement if mankind will accept and appropriate the grace of God as the basis of all human accomplishment. But such a consummation is not certain. It is not inevitable. It depends upon the choices of multitudes of men. It is a hope we may cherish. It is a hope for which we may fight valiantly. But it is a hope and not an assured expectation.

Probably this position requires less argument than would have been the case a few years ago. Doctrines of the inevitability of progress increasingly fall upon ears which are coldly critical and definitely irresponsible. We may make the future incredibly glorious. We may make the future intolerably tragic. These are the alternatives, and upon us rests the responsibility of choice.

But if a great social consummation in this world is not inevitable, it is at least within our reach. The grace of God is available. The very structure of the universe is on the side

of truth and justice and good will. Humanity is its own worst foe. If the enemy within the gates of the human mind and the human heart and the human will can be conquered, the Beloved Community will be the victorious community in the very planet where we dwell.

On the other hand no other community will be permanent or secure. Every other community has the seeds of failure and death in it. The stars in their courses fight against Sisera. And every community except the beloved community belongs to him. The forces of evil face greater foes than any human purpose. They fall impotent at last before the God whose will they defy. The Great Evangel has an implicit austerity which we must frankly face.

In the meantime each Christian may live as a citizen of the Beloved Community. And each church may more and more actually realize the lines of the gracious pattern. The cells of Christian brotherhood are the hope of the world.

VIII

And what of the ultimate consummation? For we simply must look beyond death. The

preaching and the thought of our time have been pathetically this-worldly. The only way to realize the full power of the Great Evangel in time is to apprehend its significance for eternity. The man who does not look beyond death sees this life entirely out of perspective. The untold millions who have died century after century cannot be left to drift on meaningless tides. Any consummation which left them out would be fragmentary enough. All through the centuries there has been no life which has passed out of the thought of God. And the unity of all things and the final adjudication of the destinies of all persons is an inevitable part of the forward look provided by the Great Evangel.

There is a good deal of purely psychopathic fear of eternal vistas on the part of eager reformers. They are all the while afraid that a large view will divert attention from the problems which immediately concern them. The fallacy of the contemporary leads to an attitude which in the end emasculates the contemporary. Only motives which come out of eternity can cleanse the life of time.

The ultimate consummation is an expectation to be cherished perpetually in the heart. "Jerusalem the Golden" has a place in mod-

ern meditation. The city of man will be nobly built by just those persons who on the far horizons see the stately ramparts of the city of God.

The things which cannot be touched by death must be made very secure at the center of our lives. The Great Evangel had its origin beyond time. And its great fruition is beyond time. In the present from two eternities its light falls upon the ways of men in this turbulent earth.

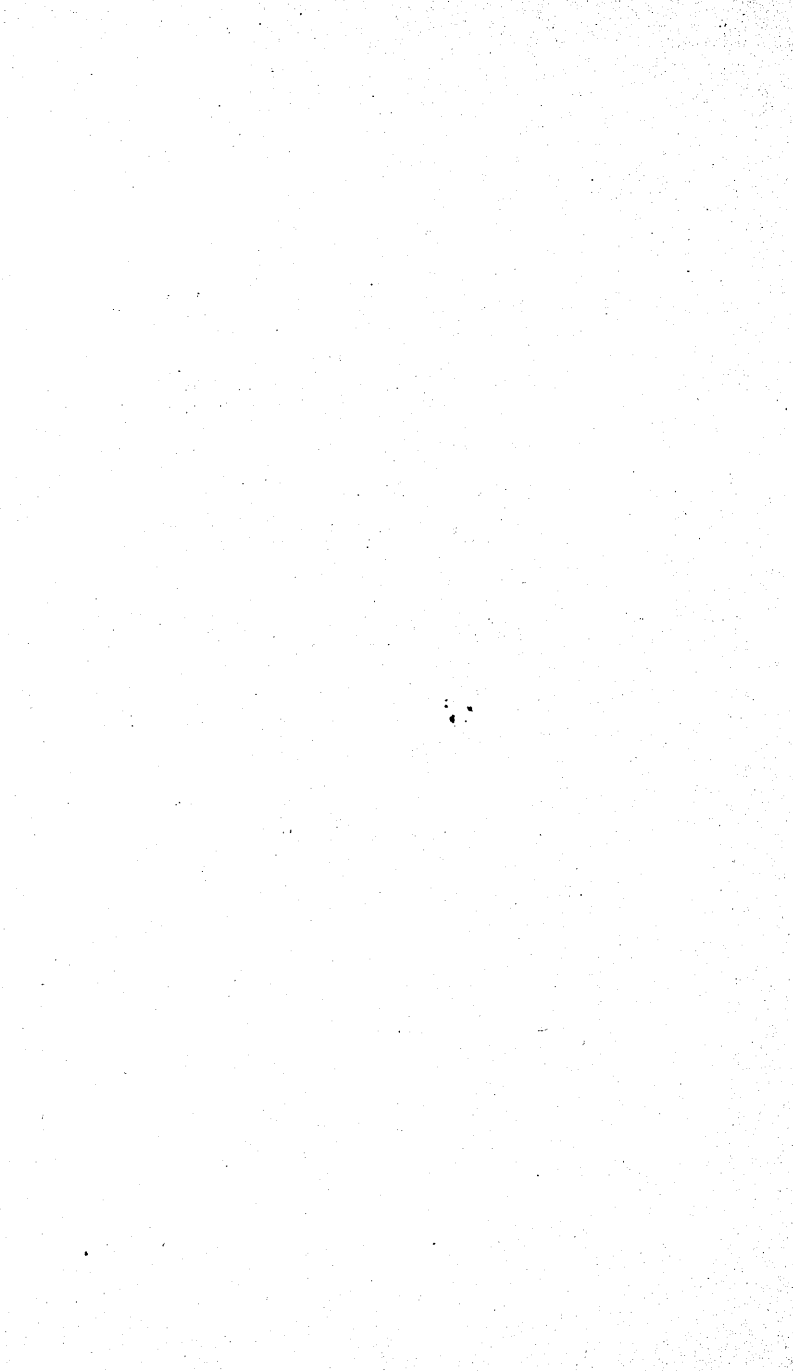
The most astonishing thing about human life is just its capacity to experience within time that which belongs to eternity. The Great Evangel produces values in whose presence the thought of death is an impertinence. Only the production of that which deserves to be immortal can make the belief in immortality authentic. It is the final glory of the Great Evangel that it produces a quality of life which cannot be associated with the thought of death.

COLOPHON

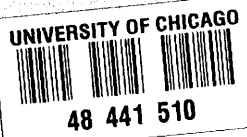
THE GREAT EVANGEL has been set on the Linotype in twelve point Old Style Number One, leaded one point. In design, Old Style Number One is of English origin, by MacKellar, Smiths, and Jordan, and has the workman-like quality and freedom from "frills" characteristic of English old styles in the period prior to the invention of the "modern" letter. It gives an evenly textured page that may be read with a minimum of fatigue. The body of this book is printed on eighty-pound West Virginia Hibulk; case is made of Holliston Rex stamped in Brighten Leaf.

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